THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 29, 1913

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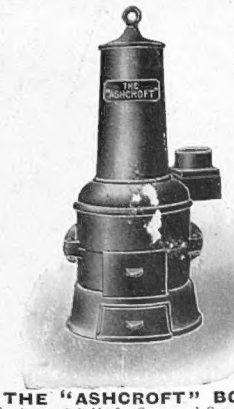

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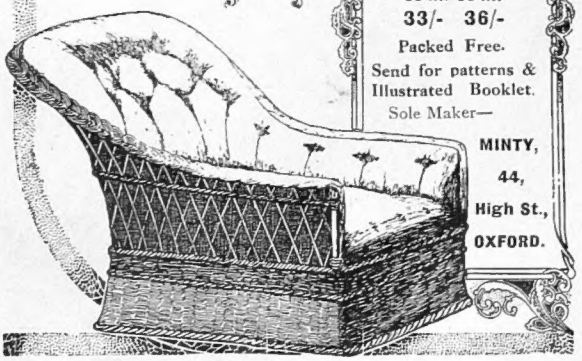

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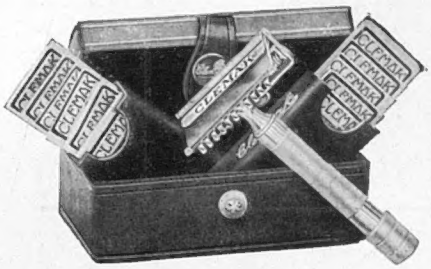

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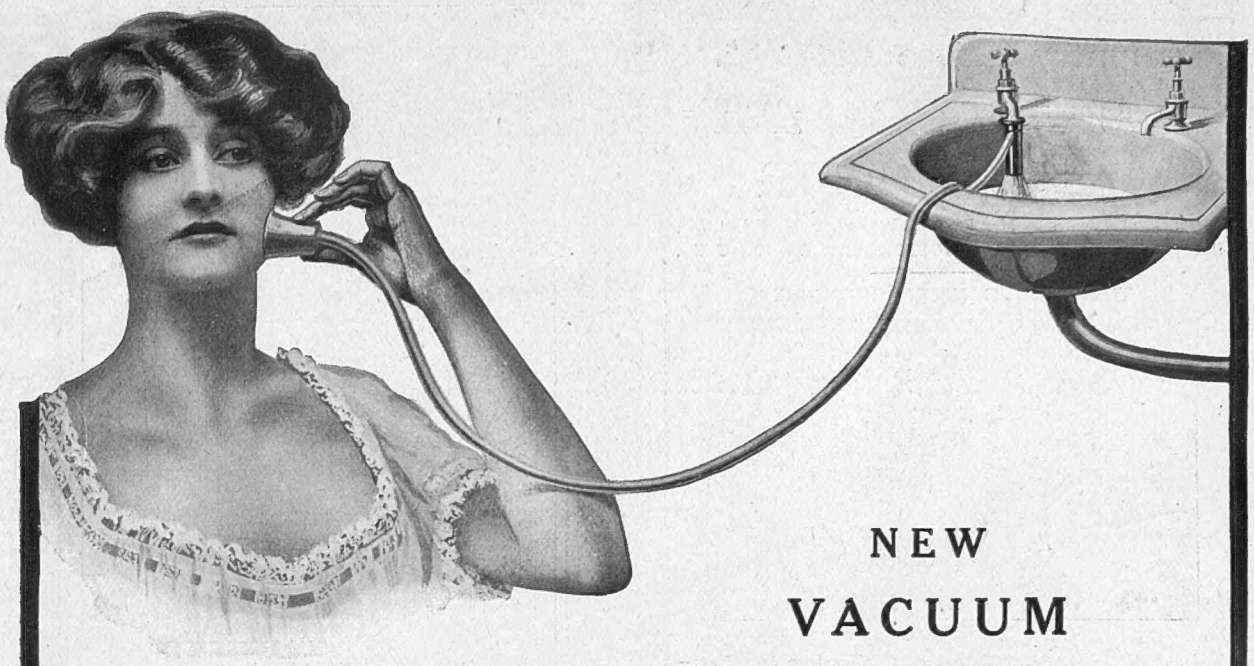

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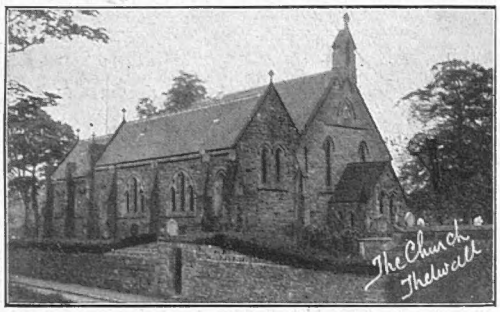

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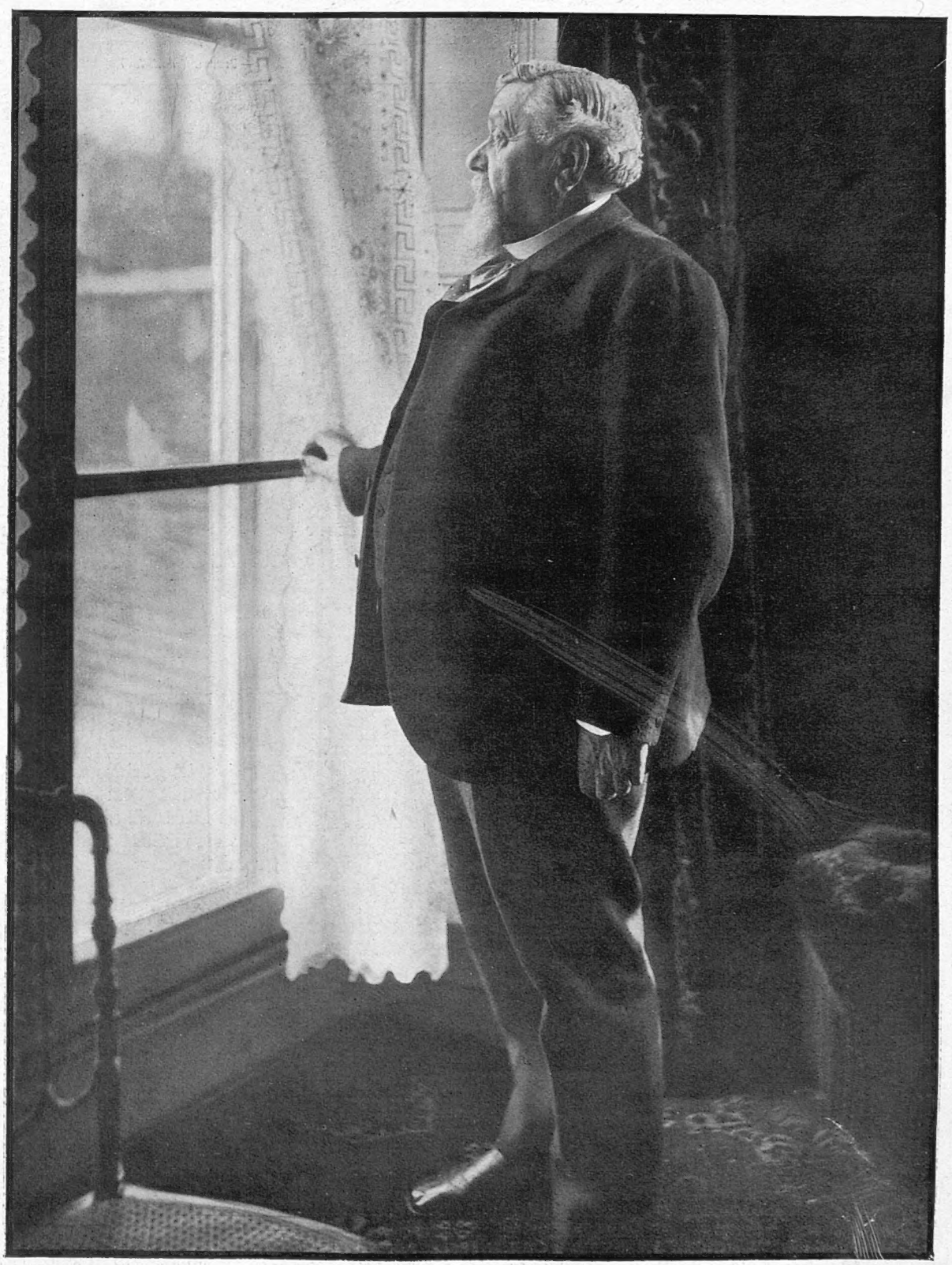


A LAST LOOK OUT OF THE OFFICIAL WINDOW

A touching snapshot of France's retiring and ever worthy President, M. Armand Fallières, who, after seven years of blamelessness, now retires into a privacy for which Nature admirably fits him

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

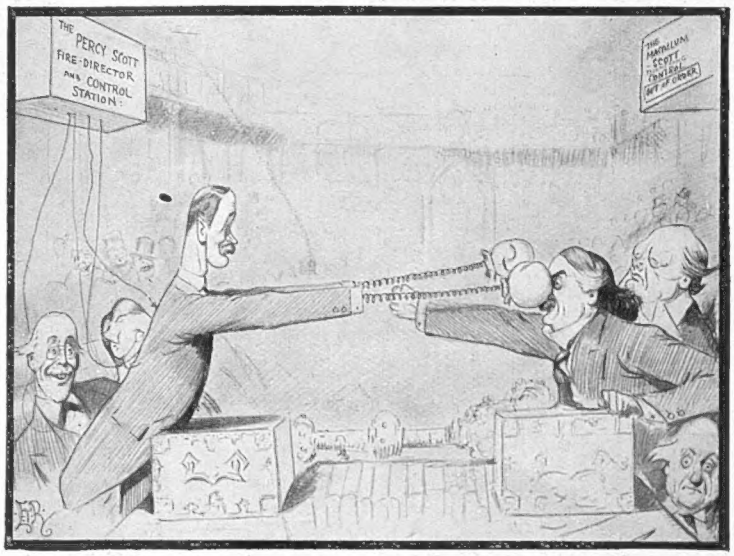
OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—PISTOL *(modified)*

Will They Resign?

The present is Winter's Silly Season, in which we amuse ourselves by discussing not the sea-serpent or the giant gooseberry, but the abstract topic, "Will Ministers Resign?" Usually, about now, there is worked up in the Press what is called a "crisis," and one member of the Government is reported as having said uncomplimentary things about another. To whet interest, the Press pretends to regard this as the sign of ructions within the Cabinet, and with great humour, it is suggested that difference on "principle" may lead to the retirement of one Minister or another. The public of to-day, fortunately, has also the sense of humour, and great has been the merriment during the week-end at the idea of such a thing happening. A Liberal Minister might, it is quite reasonable to believe, die. He might retire really because of ill-health. But that any member of the present Government would retire on a matter of *principle*—oh, that is really humorous!



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* * *

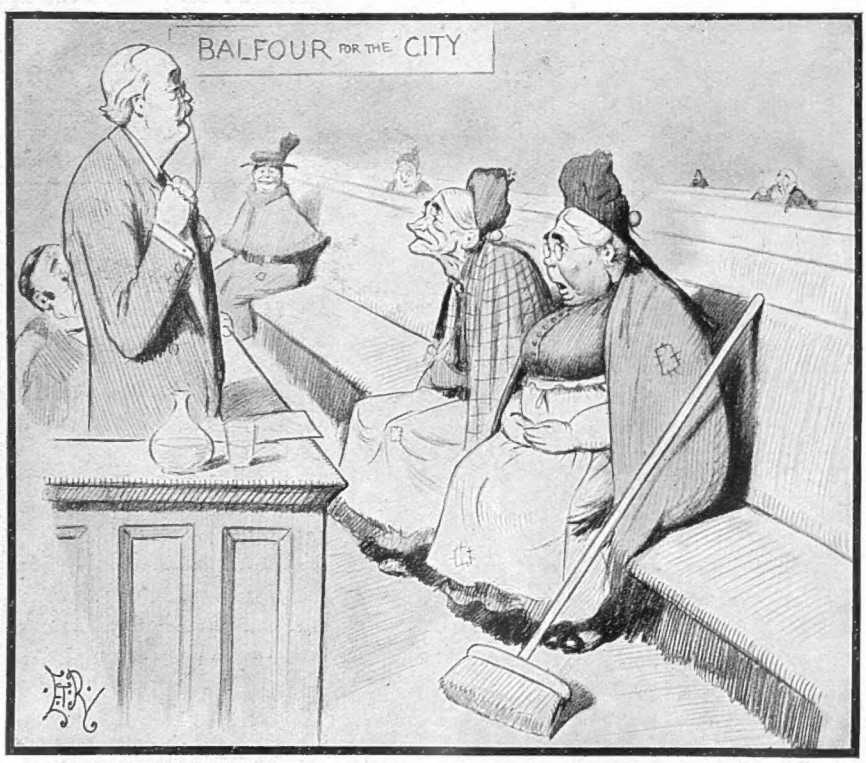
Militants Justified

I hold no brief for the Militants, my sympathies being mildly 'Gist rather than 'Gette. But this I will say: If the ladies are robbed of their promised "free vote" in a "free House" as a result of a mere quibble of procedure such as that discovered at the last moment by Mr. Speaker, then the Militants will have some right on their side if they resume operations.

* * *

Wrong Again?

As my good friends of the daily Press were all wrong as to the outcome of the Balkan War at the first, there is no reason why they should be all right now. All of them have jumped to the conclusion that the return of the



WHEN THE FRANCHISE BILL PASSES, ELECTORS IN THE CITY OF LONDON WILL BE ONLY THOSE WHO ACTUALLY SLEEP THERE

We offer a forecast of the senior Member addressing a future mass meeting of his constituents

BY E. T. REED

Nazim Makes Way for—Napoleon?

ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?

Nazim Pasha, who was killed during a Cabinet Council at the Sublime Porte. As his removal facilitates the control of the Army by the Young Turks, it seems reasonable to suspect that it was deliberate

Young Turks is a shocking thing for the Empire. Why? Because, under the old Turk, Kiamil Pasha, Turkey was about to sign peace and the surrender of most of her European domain. The assumption is, of course, that Turkey is only safe when she exists on the sufferance of the Powers. To reassert herself as a fighting force is, it seems, to court disaster. I have no sympathy with the Turks as a European Power, but if, from their own point of view, they think they have a chance of keeping their possessions, it is no business of ours to upbraid them because they restore to office the party which is best able to put up a fight.

* *
*

The Late Nazim

Alas, poor Nazim! The most expressive obituary of him was a sentence in an official account wired from Constantinople: "*Before the war he was regarded as a great authority on strategy and tactics.*" Nevertheless, if it is true that a good General is one who knows when and how to retreat, Nazim was certainly that. How infinitely worse *might* have been the plight of the Turks after Lule Burgas!

* *
*

The Man of Destiny

Enver Bey is a gentleman in whom it is wise to take interest. Once again he has reappeared at a crucial moment, made a revolution, and retired into the background. Notice that, whatever happens, Enver never rises to any position himself, but remains a plain Colonel. Such modesty is rare, and the man who has it will, if he lives, make history. I rather wish we had an Enver in England, and that he were a member of *our* Unionist party.

* *
*

The Blackmailers

The next move in the game will come, of course, from Bucharest. The blackmailers must, indeed, be licking their lips at the delivery of the Bulgarian victim into their hands. Rumania will probably now declare war, with Austrian support, and if Russia moves, Prussian troops will enter Poland. The question of questions in such an event is, what will France and England do? Mr. Churchill did, of course, spend the week before last secretly in Paris, and on his return was received by the King, who gave audience also, soon after, to the War Minister, Colonel Seely. If such signs go for anything, the Government is at least alive to the possibility of immediate war.

* *
*

An Indiscretion?

Many Conservatives are a little puzzled at the tactics which inspired the leader to make his Edinburgh references to the King. On the surface, it looks a little indiscreet to have been the first to introduce his name into the Home Rule controversy. In the case of the Budget, as THE BYSTANDER pointed out to the great annoyance of the Radical Press, the Royal name was first "dragged in" by themselves. It will not, I fear, be possible to throw on them the responsibility should that name get involved in the coming Home Rule row.

B.M.R.

An esteemed reader living in Ireland reproaches me with "an apparent animus against Mr. Bonar Law." Perhaps I may remind him that THE BYSTANDER made it perfectly clear from the first that it would adopt a critical attitude towards a change in the Conservative leadership the wisdom of which it strongly doubted. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Balfour is to make an important speech at Nottingham on Friday. As the position of the party on the Tariff Question has now been deliberately put back to where it was under himself, there seems no reason why Mr. Balfour should not say anything he has to say *ex cathedrâ*. Events have justified his leadership up to the hilt, and at the present moment it is to him more than to anybody else that the party looks for the *mot juste* on all matters of controversy.

Photograph *Bieber*

THE MAN OF DESTINY

Enver Bey, who once again comes suddenly into the limelight as the instigator of another revolution. It was he who dictated to Kiamil Pasha the terms of his resignation and took the same to the Sultan. He has great influence with the Turkish Army, and may prove to be the Napoleon of the new Ottoman Empire

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Everything As It Should Be!

"Human Interest" in the Courts

The Law Courts, after a dull interval, are becoming quite human in the New Year. The intimate relations of persons of opposite sex, and the warm letters exchanged between them, occupy columns of cold type, and men and women hitherto obscure now become celebrities for no other reason than that they have managed to compromise themselves. It is somewhat droll that the way to "clear oneself" of suspicion should be to publish to all the world that one has been suspected, when silence would be so much more effective—and so much less expensive.

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When?

When, by the way, is the Law going to act to prevent the production in court of "love letters" which have little or nothing to do with the case? The *power* to produce such letters is a lever which the law ought not to leave in the hands of threatening litigants.

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Whippings Galore

The feature of the criminal courts has been the wholesale whippings under the White Slave Act. Flagellant judges have had the time of their lives, and dozens of already degraded wretches have now been degraded beyond the chance of redemption. In no one of the cases I have read has the prisoner been guilty of the active crime of procuring the victim, but only of the passive one of "living on" her earnings. No doubt a despicable type of creature, but not he of whom we read so much while the Bill was being passed. Up to the moment of going to press, I have not read of the arrest of any of the ruffians who have decoyed innocents by trickery and then deliberately forced them into the path of iniquity. The two girls who were decoyed from their mother's side while shopping in the West End by a bogus hospital nurse and driven away in a taxi are still undiscovered, and are likely, I fear, for ever to remain so. They have served the purpose of their well-meaning inventors. News of the raiding of the decoy-houses with which the West End abounds has not yet come to hand. Is the Press suppressing it? To leave unrecorded their bags of big game and to record only those of small is, to say the least, unkind to the police.

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Music at Mealtimes Again

I had rather thought that London *restaurateurs* were getting more reasonable in the matter of music at mealtimes, but was pained lately to find that it is not so. My enjoyment of the *cuisine* at a leading Piccadilly establishment the other day was absolutely ruined by the extreme rowdiness of the small orchestra. A would-be violin *virtuoso* positively deafened me with a rendering of a selection from *Carmen*, which in *tempi* and expression was extravagant and out of all relation to the directions of the composer. Matters were made even worse by the addition, as vocal soloist, of a lusty gramophone. After a meal, one might tolerate this sort of thing, but during it one cannot, and if the managements of such establishments desire to attract people of taste and quality, they had better order a lowering of the tone of their orchestras and the removal of the gramophones.

"VINDICATED!"

The smile on the face of a lady who, by an action in the courts, has cleared her honour against the alleged insinuation of a solicitor that she was otherwise than what she should be. The lady's name is Mrs. Mary Mason Borwick, and the action was against Mr. Edward Robb, who, on his side, was also proved to have acted quite properly. So everything (and everybody) is now all right

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Who?

And who, by the way, are these people who take children of three or thereabouts into crowded, noisy, and smoke-choked West End grill-rooms? What will such children be like when they grow up?

The Chancellor at Home Among Fishwives

ILLNESS OF LADY CARSON

Lady Carson, wife of Sir Edward Carson, who is lying seriously ill at Rottingdean, near Brighton. It is stated that her condition is causing considerable anxiety

Royal Censorship—

It is well known that both the King and Queen have a strong sense of the duties of monarchy, and His Majesty never signs a document unread—that risky but very frequent practice of busy men which caused the fall of M. Millerand, the French War Minister. The Queen is equally conscientious, and the lists of presentations have been very carefully scanned. Special instructions have also been given that no opportunity shall arise for any such traffic in social privileges within the Royal gift as resulted, last year, in the open scandal over the sale of passes to the Ascot enclosure.

* * *

—And Initiative

There is undoubtedly an advantage in having a monarchy which is not dependent on party funds. For the King's personal influence and initiative—as well as his recognition of merit unaccompanied by social distinction or wealth—is strikingly instanced in the knighthood which, at His Majesty's special desire, was conferred on Dr. George Turner, the heroic student of leprosy, who has himself fallen a victim to the disease, and whose story was told recently in the *Times*. There ought to be a civilian V.C. for men like this.

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"Retreat" à l'américaine

What, perhaps, may be called the Kaiser variety of Anti-Suffragitis is not yet disposed of. Indeed, it breaks out in no less a person than Father Bernard Vaughan, who is now holding a "retreat" for some two or three hundred Society women in America. On the way out he undertook to preside at a suffrage lecture on board the liner, and caused a sensation, not altogether of a welcome kind, by telling the assembled ladies that they had far better stay at home, cook dinner, and dress their babies. It is not recorded what he advised them to do during the hours of the day when even these last two exhilarating occupations are exhausted.

Mr. Asquith's Solecism

Those who class the Anti-Suffragists among the party of reaction will doubtless find a special significance in the fact that Mr. Asquith, in his speech on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, actually quoted Virgil! Classical quotations, once so popular as a proof of erudition (or, at least, the possession of a "Gradus") are almost as dead now as bustles or Piccadilly weepers. In any case, I can hardly recommend the "Anti's" to rely too much on the moral authority of classical poets. The most horrible revelations might ensue.

* * *

Pockets for Women

But whatever we do, France still seems to keep ahead of us in furthering the equality, not to say the supremacy, of woman. Paris, of course, has long had its woman barrister; it had a woman candidate for M. Poincaré's job—though I don't remember that she got any votes; and now it has taken perhaps the most important and significant step of all, in decreeing that in the new spring fashions women are actually to have—pockets. The fact that Mme. Paquin, the famous dressmaker, has just received the Legion of Honour clearly marks the official approval of this revolutionary scheme.

Photograph *Sport and General*

ALWAYS READY TO LEARN?

Among those represented in the Suffrage Deputation to Mr. Lloyd George were fishwives. We have no personal experience of these ladies, but tradition and a proverb credit them with a ready flow of language. Does this mean that the Chancellor of the Exchequer really feels that he could still do with a few more lessons in the art of recrimination?

And Yet He LOOKS a Ladies' Man!

MR. AND MRS. LEWIS VERNON HARCOURT

Mr. Harcourt, whom we deliberately refrain from calling "Lulu," made so bitter an attack on Woman Suffrage (and those in favour of it) that Lord Hugh Cecil wondered whether he had even been born of woman! And yet, as we remark above, he looks a ladies' man—almost the only one, indeed, in the Cabinet. Reading his speech, the fair ones may well remark, "Et tu, Brute!"

Social and Matrimonial

The Masked Ball

A masked ball should, in the nature of things, be one of the most amusing of social functions, but somehow in England it never quite seems to come off. The reason is, I think, because really to make the most out of a masked ball one needs the sense of intrigue, which is foreign rather than British. We are not too good at mystery, and the usual person feels abominably self-conscious in disguise, no matter how complete.

***

Who? Who?

It was amusing to note, at Mrs. Hwfa Williams's Savoy affair last week, how few of the dancers remained concealed after the first few dances, or even during supper. Those who did were, I suppose, the "well-known Society people" whose names somehow didn't get into the newspapers, while perhaps in some cases the wearers really did *not* want it to be known where, or with whom, they were spending the evening. It is for such as these latter that masked balls are a blessing, and those who organise them should send invitations to the *intrigant*, whose name in London Town is surely Legion.

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A Dance Rendezvous

Talking of dances, a favourite rendezvous for young enthusiasts is that of the Public Schools Club, every Friday night at the Savoy—and this despite the rule which forbids the admittance of ladies on the stage. That rule may annoy a few people, I daresay, but, after all, clubs must have some rules attached to them! The dances will be continued right away up to Easter. I fancy the Savoy likes them too, for whilst the dance is going on, dancers sup in the ordinary room during some time or another of the evening.

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Dancing and Craziness

As to the style of dancing at the present day, perhaps this is a suitable place for a few remarks on the subject. Of course, everything in the present day is a craze; that craze is overdone, and then it becomes grotesque—*that* is what I should describe as happening to the dancing of the present day. And surely it cannot last much longer now? If there are to be any more big balls, no hostesses will allow such dancing to go on in their houses, and if the young men won't give up that style of dancing, they will no longer be asked, then, hostesses being no longer able to give balls, dancing will cease to exist. That is, however, unlikely to happen, for I think we shall soon be seeing a complete change in the dancing line.

MISS ANTONIA PINCHING

Eldest daughter of the late Mr. Pinching, whose engagement is now announced to Mr. Joseph Addison, of the Foreign Office, and son of the late Mr. John Addison, late M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne

Photograph *Rita Martin*

ONE FEBRUARY BRIDE—

Miss Barber-Starkey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barber-Starkey, of Aldenham Park, Shropshire, who is shortly to marry the octogenarian Sir William Coddington, of Wycollar, Blackburn

Photograph *Lafayette*

—AND ANOTHER

Miss Selina Bridgeman, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir Francis Bridgeman, whose marriage with the Hon. Lawrence Kay-Shuttleworth, son and heir of Lord Shuttleworth, takes place on Saturday, February 1

Winter Sports Dangers

The tale of winter sports accidents has begun with two very bad bobsleigh mishaps, in one of which two English visitors were seriously injured, and, with the crowds there are now at all the big snow-places, it is doubtless "to be continued"—though the public will never read it all. For it is to many interests to hush these things up, and hushed up they often are. Of course, bobsleighing is a dangerous sport on the best of tracks, and as long as people realise it, and every reasonable precaution is taken, well—on their heads be it! But some of the tracks at the less important centres are neither good nor properly controlled, and it is the casualties there that are the really serious factor.

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Hunting by Motor

Of course, one doesn't need to go to Switzerland for the chance of breaking one's limbs. Hunting, however soft the going, has quite as much of the element of risk, as is shown by the case of Lord Exeter, whose accident has stopped his hunting for the season, though it was not serious enough to interfere with the very successful ball Lord and Lady Exeter gave at Burghley House recently. I suppose the only really safe way to follow hounds is by motor—safe for the "sportsmen," I mean, for hounds are sometimes seriously injured by these petrol "mounts," and the Duke of Beaufort has issued an appeal for the discontinuance in his country of this very twentieth-century development.

Who Was Really There?

A BAL MASQUÉ OF MYSTERY (?) HELD AT THE SAVOY

MISS FANNY WARD
In black Eastern costume, and diamonds

MISS VIOLET LEWERS
As an Apache

COUNTESS LA FORTTE
As a Persian Princess

MRS. REGINALD KELLAND
In Chinese costume. Winner of the First Prize for general beauty of effect

MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS (LEFT)
And party, including Lady Diana Manners in Venetian costume

Photographs *Newspaper Illustrations*

Some curiosity exists as to who exactly was and who was not present at Mrs. Hwfa Williams's réveillon and bal masqué (in aid of the League of Mercy) on the 20th. So thoroughly did many of the dancers carry out the injunction to disguise themselves that speculation was a matter of the greatest difficulty. Nevertheless, people did not seem to care very much, and enjoyed themselves pretty well. Some ladies took advantage of the concealment of their faces to appear in trousers of various styles and hues

Our Entente Fraternelle with America

Polo at Cannes

In America, I believe, even motor-polo has been played by some of the more go-ahead millionaires. It will come here in time, no doubt, though it has not reached Ranelagh yet, nor Cannes, where the polo season opened last week with the old-fashioned pony still in use. The Duke of Westminster, Lord Rocksavage, Lord Tweedmouth, and Lord Portarlington are among the English players expected at Cannes, which, by the way, like Menton, starts its carnival fêtes this week.

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American Invaders

The American invader generally does seem to "make good" over here in time. Imported American plays, for instance, used to be the last word in London "frosts"; now they have been scoring more and more heavily, and the latest, *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, looks like making quite a boom. We like being hustled, really, that's the truth of it; anyway, we can bear watching others hustle!

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A New London

But we really are waking up in some directions, and perhaps some day, when the London Society has carried out its plans for the beautification of London, which have stirred Lord Curzon to such enthusiastic visions, we may be able to lead our American friends round a new, noble, and well-vista'd London—to their bewildered disappointment and disgust!

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Hands Across the Sea

In the meantime, there will be, next year, great celebrations in England and in America in commemoration of the "Hundred Years' Friendship" existing between England and America, which was first established at the Treaty of Ghent in the year 1814. I hear that great, and even dramatic, things are to take place in both countries, worthily to mark such an important occasion. There are rumours that a statue of George Washington is actually going to be erected in Westminster Abbey, and one of Chatham in Washington. A tale which may or may not be true is to the effect that all American women who have married Englishmen are going to club together and present the American nation with a painting of the late King Edward VII. I consider the idea to be very sound. Moreover, looking at it from a purely financial point of view, the picture should be a good one, that is if its artistic value is in any way commensurate with the sum that is likely to be subscribed.

AT WASHINGTON

Mrs. James Bryce and Miss Violet Asquith walking away from the Capitol at Washington. From the expression on the ladies faces the visit would seem to have been more a duty than a pleasure

ALSO AT WASHINGTON

Lady Aberdeen on her return from seeing the American Senate and House in Session at the Capitol. She seems pleased. Perhaps, because the vast number of Irishmen in American politics gave her some idea of what the future Irish Parliament will be like—or perhaps not!

Unconventional Cupid

A PEER BECOMES ENGAGED TO A LADY OF THE——PEERAGE!

Photographs] MISS CATHERINE BOSCAWEN [*Lafayette and Val l'Estrange*

As a variant on the conventional matches between noblemen and ladies of the stage, an engagement was last week announced between Lord Petre and Miss Catherine Boscawen, herself a lady of noble descent, being the only child of Lady Margaret, grand-daughter of the second Earl of Strafford, and niece of the Earl of Falmouth. Lord Petre, who is a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, came of age in November, 1911, while Miss Boscawen is only in her twenty-second year. Inset is a portrait of Lord Petre

English Law Lyrics

[With apologies to the four Indian Love Lyrics of the late Mr. Laurence Hope, respectively "Kashmiri Song," "The Temple Bells," "Less Than the Dust," "Till I Wake." The familiar music of Mrs. Woodforde-Finden may, however, be kept in mind]

I.

HASHWEARY SONG

Pale hands that loved to clap you, Bonar Law,
Where are they now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom you would lead on Tariff's road so far,
Till now they agonise you in farewell.
Pale Lansdowne stands beside you, Bonar Law,
Where are you now? Where are you now?

Pale hands akin that each decline to float
In that hot water where you seem to dwell.
I would have rather given you my vote
For Preference. But Food Taxes as well!!
Pale stands your Party, once one, Bonar Law,
Where are we now? Where are we now?

Pale hands that signed memorials, Bonar Law,
Where are you now? What does their action spell?
Where will you lead if they go on before,
Crushing your views the party strife to quell?
Pale hands have forced your own hand, Bonar Law.
Where are you now? Where are you now?

—•••—

II.

THE JUMBLE BELLS

The Jumble Bells are ringing,
Food Taxes' knell they're singing,
And election time is drawing very near.
They lie hidden on the shelf,
And I've sacrificed myself,
For a General Election's drawing near.

They were small and very slight,
But my party all took fright,
And sent me a memorial to beware.
So I wrote, and Lansdowne too,
"This we are prepared to do!"
Just to try and clear the hot and wavering air.

Ah! I would that in the Fleet
The Daily Press were more discreet;
I am weary of the hubbub and the grind—
I am weary, but you say
That your Bonar Law must stay,
So I won't resign but try to be resigned. Ah!

—•••—

III.

LESS THAN THE TRUST

Less than the trust you have in me, my friends,
Less than the bust which now our party rends,
Less than the crust on which our strife depends,
Even less than these!

Less than the tax I thought to lay on food,
Less than the backs I'd show the foreign brood,
Less than the Maxse, who firm by Halsbury stood,
Even less than I!

Since I, indeed, am not your Law to-day,
See here my lead which gladly down I lay,
Rest comes at length, I'd go, but if I say
Farewell, I hear a din.

—•••—

IV.

TILL YOU ELECT

When low I'm lying stand over me gently yet firmly,
Jaw, but forbid me to withdraw
From my post at your head.
So I may when you elect, if there be an election,
Keep what you've lulled to sleep,
The touch of my tax on your bread.

HARFORD WORLOCK

Photograph The Prizewinner *Underwood*

THE ORDEAL OF THE ICE: A FIGURE-SKATING COMPETITION

Skating competitions for prizes and cups both in the International and English styles were held on the Bear Rink at Grindelwald on the 17th. For the competition in the International style there were eight entries. Miss Rayworth and Mr. Beaumont tied for the first prize, and the cup was awarded to Miss Rayworth. For the English style competition there were fewer entries, and the skating was not considered sufficiently good to merit the award of the cup. A prize was, however, given to Frau Burgener, a native of Grindelwald

Making a Foxhunter of Him

A QUAINT QUASI-BAPTISMAL HUNTING RITE

WILSON, THE HUNTSMAN, "BLOODING" MASTER JOHN DEWHURST AFTER A KILL WITH THE CHESHIRE

WHEN a young rider to hounds is in at the kill or "well up" the opportunity is usually taken to "blood" him, which gives him the right, as it were by baptism, to call himself a fox-hunter for the rest of his life. This ceremony consists of smearing a few drops of the dead fox's blood (usually from the brush or one of the pads) on the cheek of the person "blooded," and the somewhat barbarous nature of it is a sufficient proof that it dates back to a less refined age. It is seldom performed except in the case of the more youthful devotees of the sport, for the obvious reason that an adult sportsman who happened to be "well up" for the first time in his life would not be eager to announce the fact, and it would be taken for granted by the huntsman that he had "been there" already. Our illustration shows Master John Dewhurst, the son of a well-known member of the Cheshire, being blooded by Wilson, the huntsman. On the left is Mr. Jimmy Tinsley, who acted as his sponsor; on the right Miss May Weston, who also underwent the ordeal.

A Successful Stage Débutante

MISS IRENE HENTSCHEL

As Rose Taylor, a betrayed girl, in "The Eldest Son," at the Kingsway Theatre, Miss Hentschel has made an instantaneous success. Her performance has been described as a completely brilliant piece of character study. She is the daughter of Mr. Carl Hentschel

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"TURANDOT" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

THIS is an extremely interesting production. It is the story of "Turandot, Princess of China." According to the programme, the origin of the work is a Persian legend, but I should not be surprised to hear that the literature of every one of the old Oriental civilisations had a colourable imitation of it. Turandot is a beautiful Princess, who values her charms so highly that she requires every suitor for her hand to solve three riddles propounded by herself. The penalty for being unable to return the correct answers to the riddles is sudden death in the picturesque form of decapitation. A legend of this kind has always been popular with the ladies, since it pleases them very much to think that once upon a time at least there were men who would risk their lives on the chance of winning a maiden's hand. Nowadays I do not think the idea of propounding riddles under the circumstances would be very popular. There would be a haunting fear that the young man might not be able to answer them. In spite of the contempt for matrimony professed by members of the gentle sex in these fighting times, there is still a tendency to sympathise with the historical young woman who, being slightly deaf, made a point of saying "Yes" to every remark vouchsafed to her by any eligible young man, for fear he might have been proposing to her, and she had not caught his question.

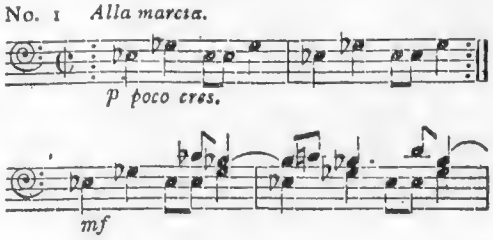
In the case of the Princess Turandot, the candidates seem to have been flatteringly numerous. The first scene of the play shows us a bridge decorated with heads that have been severed from the bodies of unsuccessful guessers; but this gruesome sight does not deter Prince Calaf, the hero in the case, from tempting fortune after the manner of his predecessors. It must be admitted that the riddles propounded by the Princess are very subtle, and capable of more than one meaning; indeed, in the case of one of them I was reminded of the story of the hyper-sensitive curate at a village nigger-minstrel show, who, on hearing a very fanciful riddle propounded by Brudder Bones, rose hurriedly and said that if the correct answer to that riddle were given he should stop the entertainment. So much depends upon the point of view. The first impression I had from the riddle in question was that it was more the sort of thing for the smoking-room; but I see now that that is what comes of having a worldly mind. As it happened, the answer was innocence itself, and as the grave and reverend doctors in the background declared it to be correct, I am bound to assume that they knew.

The beautiful slave at the St. James's Theatre (who changes her frock in each act)

Princess Turandot is, however, a very difficult young lady. She is so disappointed at Prince Calaf's success—which deprives her of the pleasure of cutting off his head—that she pleads for another opportunity to encompass his death. The very obliging Prince is quite agreeable; and he thereupon propounds a riddle of his own which he knows that, under ordinary circumstances, Turandot will not be able to answer. But with a rather indifferent sense of honour, she sets her hirelings to work in the hope that they will be able to elicit from the Prince's attendants the information that is to cost him his life. This dubious proceeding throws a drab spot on an otherwise perfect romance; but it is, of course, not to be taken seriously. Indeed, if I were

asked to deny on oath that it was no more than a playful device for stretching two acts into three, I do not think I could conscientiously kiss the Book. The story is not, however, the salient feature of this production. Such as it is, it is told in a humorous vein by a gentleman with a reputation for wide learning, but, although we have been told on canonical authority that much learning may make one mad, experience does not prove that great erudition is conducive to the cultivation of a sense of humour.

What makes the alleged jokes seem all the poorer is the fascinating magnificence of the mounting of the piece. I do not remember to have seen such superb costumes and effects on the stage before. Herr Ernst Stern, the famous collaborator of Max Reinhardt, who is responsible for the designs of the scenery and costumes, does not pretend that they are actual reproductions of Chinese originals. He has taken a Chinese model and treated it according to the best and most fanciful ideas of the Western world of art, and has achieved a triumph of scenic effect. This hybrid method of decoration is pursued throughout with the completest success; and the result is a spectacle which should draw all London to the St. James's Theatre.

In his music to *Turandot* Mr. Ferruccio Busoni has utilised several of the Chinese scales, including that of whole tones. The Prelude begins with a rhythmic figure, which should be noted, as it plays an important part in the music. It is commenced on the drum, to which the wood-wind adds a chromatic theme of a wild and mournful nature. Perhaps I may be allowed to illustrate my meaning with a bar or so of the mixture.

And further, in case the gentle reader should wonder that I, who have no fame as a musician, should have managed to scrape together all this astonishing erudition on the spur of the moment, I had better confess, before I am found out, that I stole it bodily from the programme, the chromatic pot-hooks and hangers-on shown above being a faithful photograph direct from the original without sophistication of any kind.

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

To judge from the tone of most of the American plays we have had recently, it is quite an easy matter to make a lot of money; but, speaking for myself, I have not found the recipes so far offered altogether reliable. In this play the methods first employed are, frankly, reprehensible, and are not, therefore, to be recommended for general adoption. Wallingford and his partner descend upon a sleepy town, and propose to get rich by what is known to the elect as bluff. Wallingford promises blandly to erect factories and establish a tramway system on a total capital of about forty dollars, and, as everybody knows, you cannot build to any very magnificent extent on such a modest sum. What puzzles him for the moment is the class of goods his proposed factories will produce. In his search for some convincing tale to pitch to the local capitalists, Wallingford hits upon the idea of a carpet-nail covered with cloth to hide its bare-headed appearance. He is inclined to ridicule the utility of such an article of commerce himself; but he rushes at the natives of the sleepy town and talks with a fine eloquence of the stupendous future ahead of this marvellous discovery.

Wallingford's partner goes off on a journey, ostensibly to get orders for the ridiculously improbable carpet-nail; and he returns with the staggering news that there seems to be something in the idea after all. In fact, everybody wants to buy the new article. Wholesale houses are ordering it in stacks; and Wallingford finds himself on the way to being a rich man in spite of all his magnificent efforts to arrive at his goal by a crooked route. The success of the piece is due to the genial hustle of Mr. Hale Hamilton, who certainly puts more life into the piece than the author ever got into it. The play seems to suit the public taste very well, and as it is all about the blessed topic of Money, it may prove attractive for a while.

JINGLE

An Incident in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

SKETCHED AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

China à la Max Reinhardt

Its Oriental trappings, Reinhardtish setting, and British humours have caused the new St. James's play to be described as a cross between "Sumurûn" and a Drury Lane pantomime. As a matter of fact, "Turandot" is really Italian rather than Chinese. But China is the excuse for the feature of the play, the most gorgeous costumes and drop curtains in the memory of the most pampered playgoer

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A WORK entitled "Messmates: A Book of Strange Companionships" is announced by its publishers as being "a popular account of the remarkable partnerships set up between animals totally unrelated." Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond should order a copy from their booksellers.

* * *

M. Poincaré has announced that, in spite of having been made President of France, he will go out for walks by himself just as usual. This is not such a daring thing to do as it would be for some of our Ministers. There are no Suffragettes in the happy land across the Channel. A few Anarchists, no doubt, but they are by comparison negligible.

* * *

The thought must make our own legislators very envious. A contemporary states that "special precautions for their safety, during the discussion of this Franchise Bill, are being taken by the police." For all one knows, Mr. Asquith may at this very moment be wearing an axe-proof suit of mail beneath his morning coat, and Mr. McKenna may be learning the ju-jitsu method of disarming a lady carrying a dog-whip.

* * *

It seems that the old belief that men are capable of greater endurance than women was a mistaken one. At any rate, a morning paper has announced that Mrs. Lloyd George and Mrs. McKenna have listened to every speech made in the House on the subject of Welsh Disestablishment, and I doubt if any Member could say as much—even to his constituents.

* * *

The Government has been a good deal criticised because—since the Insurance Benefits came into action—the panel doctors have had long queues of patients waiting outside their surgeries in the hope that they would some time get attended to. This criticism is surely unfair, for it was decided some time ago—in the case of theatres—that there was nothing illegal about a queue, provided it did not block the roadway.

* * *

Of course, it is a bother waiting like that, but probably—as with the theatre queues—street vocalists, fire-eaters, and gymnasts will help to pass the time till the surgery door is opened. Songs about the Chancellor should prove popular.

* * *

AT A RECENT EXHIBITION

Post-Impressionist Artist: "I belong to no school; no period. My work stands alone"

Agent: "Not so bad as that. I've seen at least two people stand in front of it since the show opened last week"

(By Laurie Tayler)

Tests are promised by the Home Secretary with a view to finding out if motor-omnibus traffic threatens the safety of St. Paul's Cathedral. I suppose if this old building seems unable to stand the novel vibration with any certainty, Mr. McKenna will want to disestablish it. It is very little used by the Welsh people.

* * *

Children will welcome the news that the price of tapioca has risen owing to the fact that it is far more profitable to grow rubber in the tapioca areas. Tapioca used to be much too cheap in my young days.

* * *

Dr. Doyen has invented a new therapeutic preparation which he claims to be the elixir of life, so many diseases does it cure. The preparation is called "Mycolysine," and will, no doubt, sell largely as "Mycolysine for Yourcolywobbles."

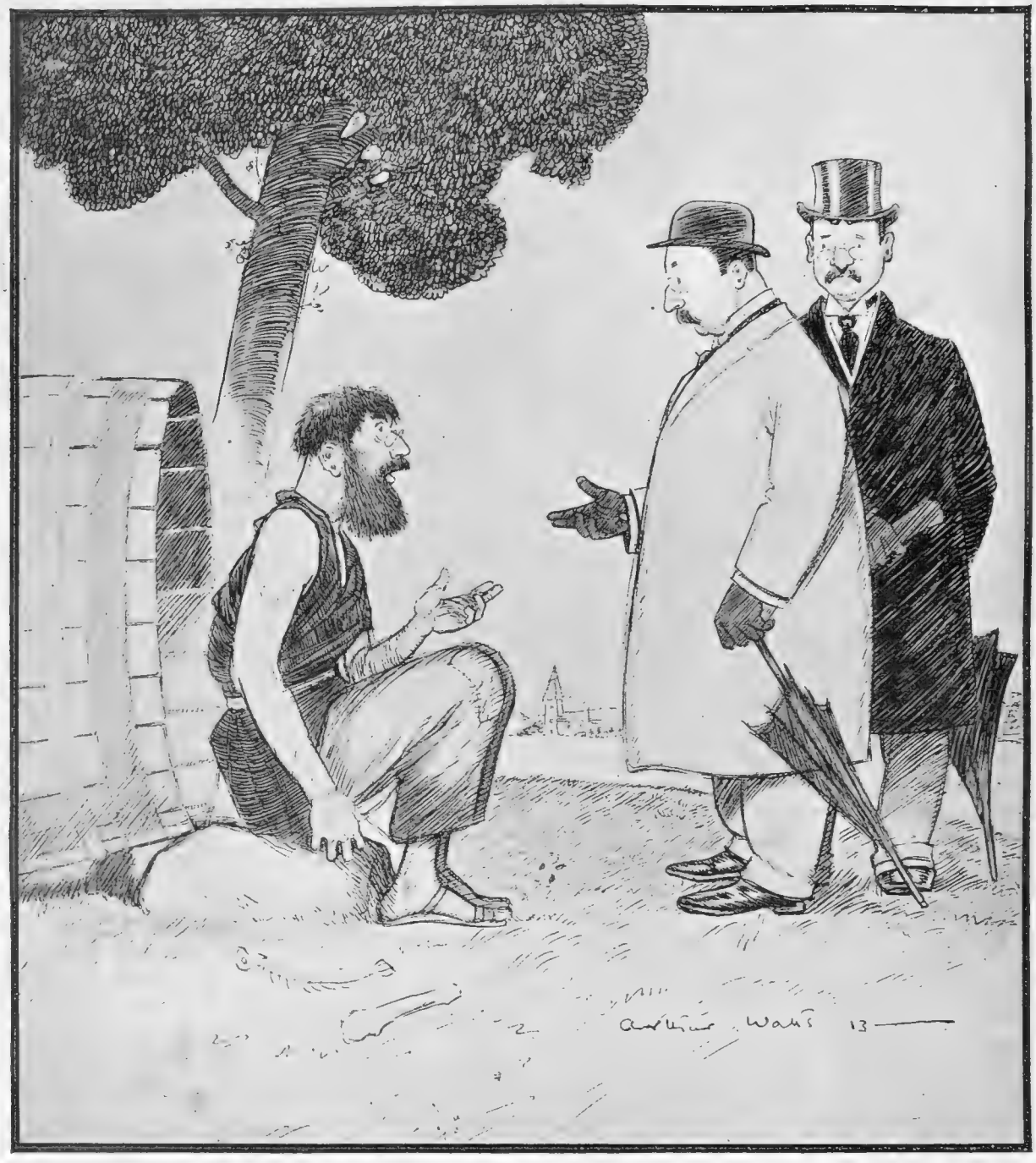
* * *

"I heard the other day," says Le Comte, who does the fashions for men in the *Evening Standard*, "of an adventurous spirit who was having a morning-coat suit made of a plain brown cloth. . . ." Why not? It seems a little remiss of the Psychical

SENSATIONS WE LOATHE: BEING A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW, BUT NOT AT MAKING SPEECHES

(By Laurie Tayler)

If They Had Lived in 1913!



NO. 1.—DIOGENES GETS INTO TROUBLE WITH THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES FOR ERECTING A WOODEN DWELLING-HOUSE

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Research Society, but up to date they do not seem to have answered this important question.

* * *

A contemporary has made the discovery that "people who travel at high speed cease to smile." And it was quite noticeable, wasn't it, what smiling faces people wore during the recent taxi-cab strike when they found they had to content themselves with a "growler" instead?

* * *

Games—according to one of the monthly magazines—should be played by women for fun only. But if the game happens to be auction bridge, perhaps it would be fair if they warned their partners.

Berliners seem to have troubled themselves very little about the resignation of Herr Paur, the director of the Royal Opera, which was due to the Kaiser's unfavourable criticism of that well-known conductor. As they very justly say, "It is a loss, but things might have been much worse. Supposing the Emperor had decided to conduct himself——!"

* * *

It does seem a great pity that Sir George Alexander could not be persuaded to appear in *Turandot*. There was a chance indeed of seeing this great actor in a rôle where the crease in his trousers would hardly have counted. But, perhaps, there is a limit to the greatest actor's versatility.

They Don't Care If It Snows

WEATHER-PROOF SPORTING ENTHUSIASTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

ENTHUSIASTS: PASSIVE

A group of spectators watching a skating exhibition recently held at St. Moritz, and incidentally getting a little "local colour" by the aid of a passing blizzard

ENTHUSIASTS: ACTIVE

Otherwise part of the field of the North Staffordshire Hunt at Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent, in full cry in the snow after hapless Reynard

The Bystander in PARIS

SOCIETY'S SEARCH AFTER SENSATION

The Effects of Boredom

A really clever impresario with an encyclopædic imagination could make a lot of money in Paris just now by providing entertainment for Society. No, please don't stare, I mean what I say quite seriously. The fact is that Paris Society has become *blasé* in sensations, and will pay any money or take any trouble for a new one. With regard to the search for sensations of Paris Society women (you'll understand that I am using the word "society" in its very broadest sense), the ordinary evening out, the theatre, supper afterwards, and what not, has lived too long in Paris to amuse them any longer.

An Expensive Lunch

Even the first night of a play which is going to be talked of has ceased to whet their appetite, and though the election of President Poincaré at Versailles amused them a little, it was too expensive a day for what it brought. The restaurant-keepers in the only two places where it was worth while lunching at Versailles on the day of the election refused to provide a meal for less than four people, no matter whether only two people ate it or not. The prices they asked for tables were astounding. One man entertained seven friends, and the bill came to nearly sixty pounds. And the lunch was quite an ordinary lunch. The price was paid for the occasion.

Dear at the Price

As usual, when Society runs after anything, it was able to get tickets of admission to the National Assembly by paying for them. There were all kinds of tickets, and room for comparatively few ladies. I know of one ticket to a ladies' gallery which was sold for twelve pounds. Of course, the woman who bought it has the satisfaction now of telling her friends that the dear President picked up her handkerchief and returned it to her with a smile ten minutes before the result of the vote was declared, but the romance is, I fancy, dear at the price, and she might just as well have lied about it without going to Versailles at all.

Le Grand Criminel

But *the* great thing just now is quite a throwback to early Victorian days. The very latest excitement in Paris for which Society's women are craving is a visit to Carouy, one of the scoundrels who belonged to the band of apaches and Anarchists who shot several policemen dead, shot a bank messenger, and held up the Chantilly bank. If Bonnot or Garnier were alive they would be social heroes now. As they are dead their friend and fellow-criminal Carouy, who is to be tried on February 3, is as much sought after in his cell at the Santé as Jack Sheppard was sought after by the fashionable London women of his day. Carouy is a curious creature. To begin with, he really is an Anarchist in theory. He has read a great deal, and he really believes the mad doctrines he has absorbed. He believes, too, that he is going to secure an acquittal.

"Paris Society has become 'blasé' in sensations"

On Show

Carouy lives on the fat of the land in prison just now because of his peculiar attraction as a show. He is a vegetarian, who eats neither meat nor fish, and lives entirely on fruit and vegetables. He is being fed on expensive luxuries in the way of hothouse grapes, green figs, and other out-of-season dainties by women who treasure the ill-spelt letters, in

"Carouy receives on Mondays and Fridays in his cell at Santé . ."

which, with his tongue in his cheek, he writes to thank his patronesses, and when one of them succeeds, as many of them have succeeded, in having a personal interview with the scoundrel, she is in the seventh heaven of delight. Carouy receives on Mondays and Fridays in his cell at the Santé, and there are rarely less than three motor-cars outside the prison on those days. What adds to the spice of adventure in visiting him is the presence of a number of little Anarchistic ladies, hatless, and wearing the curious *coiffure* which has become the badge of Mademoiselle Apache, who bring him apples and bananas in their aprons, and whom Carouy receives with much more pleasure than *ces dames de la haute* with their expensive gifts.

Job

There may be something in a name after all. Job was notoriously unlucky when the world was younger, and the present owner of the name, Monsieur Jules Pams, has had a very bad fall in his short run for the Presidency of the Republic. He is immensely rich, and made his money out of cigarette papers. These got the name of "Job" by a mere accident. They were invented by the postillion of a stage-coach which used to drive from Toulouse to Perpignan. He noticed how uncomfortable and difficult it was to make a cigarette with any odd piece of paper which his passengers had about them, and he used to carry ordinary paper cut to a convenient size for making cigarettes and sell it to the people on the coach. Then one day he talked his business over with a man named Joseph Bardou, who was a mill-owner with a small fortune. Bardou and the postillion invented, made, and patented a thin tissue paper, the cigarette paper of to-day, and marked it with Bardou's initials, J. B., and a lozenge between them. The name J ◇ B was soon converted into Job, the two partners made a big fortune, and Monsieur Jules Pams married Bardou's daughter. He always smokes cigars himself. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE BRIEF IMPERIAL SEASON

4,700 Decorations

Berlin is in the thick of its brief Imperial season, with its "defile courts," "gala courts," court balls, and so on. Also, this is decoration month. An ingenious statistician (who probably lies) says that a German has seventy times as great a chance of getting a decoration as has a Briton. As a fact, the list of persons decorated this month fills eighteen pages of the dry "Vossiche Zeitung," and contains about 4,700 names. This does not mean that spacious Germany boasts annually 4,700 persons distinguished enough for decorations and orders. It merely means that you need not be distinguished to get a decoration. The 4,700 list contains many honest (and, no doubt, some dishonest) postmen and engine-drivers. Even elderly, faithful scavengers get some decoration. Why should not King George institute a service medal for veterans of humble life who have done, or neglected to do, their hard day's work?

Louis Corinth's Pictures

The artistic event of the coming week will be the exhibition of Louis Corinth's pictures at the Secession Gallery in the Kurfurstendamm. Louis Corinth is the greatest of Secessionists, and—in the Berlin Bystander's opinion—the greatest of all living German painters. Therein the Berlin Bystander quarrels with the Kaiser, who has a horror of Secessionism, and all other modern art cults; and a double-distilled horror of Corinth. Corinth specialises in "Akten"—that is, nudes, of terrifically fat middle-aged ladies with wrinkled bodies in all sorts of poetical poses. No man on earth can rival him in painting a nude, ancient cook seated before a table laden with raw beef. The cook and the food are equally lifelike, well painted, and covered with fat.

Art Quarrels

Art quarrels are not confined to the Secession building in the Kurfurstendamm. Every artistic (and inartistic) project leads to a feud. Especially in its initial stage. In England everyone (out of politeness) praises new buildings and new statues; and when they get old everyone reviles them. Here fighting begins in the cradle stage. The moment an architect or sculptor gets his drawings approved all other architects and sculptors raise a fierce row—and write pamphlets. For two years past the art men have been divided into two camps over the proposed Bismarck national monument at Bingen, on the Rhine. To the Berlin Bystander's knowledge seven pamphlets have appeared for and against different proposals. The pamphlets are angrily written; and all prove conclusively that every other artist is a knave and a fool. And now a similar feud is raging about the Kaiser's new Opera House. The Opera House on the Linden, built by Frederick the Great, is falling to bits, and every architect in Germany wants to build its successor.

The Poor Kaiser

The trouble is the Kaiser. The Kaiser tolerates only the classical in all forms of art. So the first competition was limited to the classical, in the excellent style of Schinkel, who built Berlin's best buildings. When the winning design was made public, the row began. As usual, it developed into politics. The "modern" (*i.e.*, Radical) sculptors wanted something *echt modern*. The Kaiser school stuck to its demand for something gracious, classical, and columned; in other words, traditional, and in politics reactionary. Now every good *staatserhaltender* (politically sound) German stands for the Schinkel-Kaiser classicism, while the Radicals and Socialists want the *echt modern*. To settle between them an exhibition of designs has been opened. The choice is all the harder because the Opera House is to stand on the Königsplatz, opposite the Reichstag building, which Wilhelm II. called the summit of Tastelessness. Cynics predict that the new Opera House will be gracious, classical, monumental, modern, and the summit of Tastelessness.

Ski-ing His Beat

A GERMAN POLICEMAN ON DUTY AT OBERHOF, THURINGIA

Instead of "walking his beat" during the winter months, the police in the mountainous districts of Thuringia have been provided by the authorities with "skis." The experiment should prove in every way successful, ski-ing being much more comfortable than plodding ankle (or knee) deep in snow, and obviously, if chase has to be given to the criminal, he will stand less chance of escape, unless, of course, he wears skis too

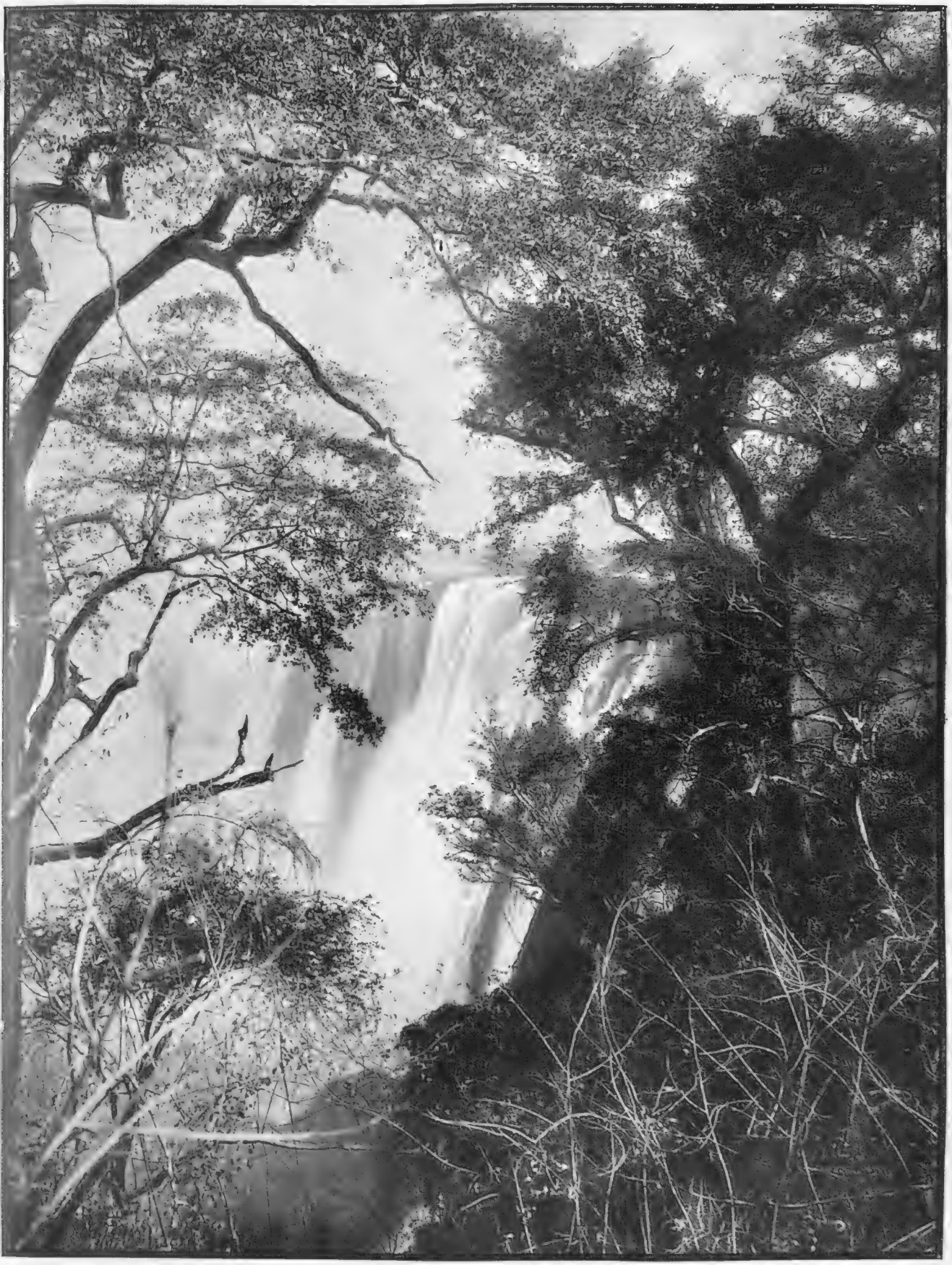
Only Three Weeks from the Grime

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE GORGE AND BRIDGE FROM THE LOCAL HOTEL

VICTORIA FALLS, SHOWING THE PALM GROVE AND "KNIFE EDGE"

The beauty of the Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, is probably unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Even the grandeur of Niagara lacks the glories of the tropical vegetation which lends such a lovely setting to these Falls. The River

f London: The Great Victoria Falls



A BEAUTIFUL PEEP AT THE FALLS FROM THE NORTH BANK OF THE ZAMBESI

Zambesi is here a thousand yards broad, and drops sheer into a huge fissure, nearly 400 feet deep. The Victoria Falls, or Mosioatunya, were discovered as recently as 1855 by Dr. Livingstone. They have not yet been turned into a power station

The Bystander on the RIVIERA

KING CARNIVAL AT NICE—"MONTE" QUIET

Doing Homage

King Carnival, to use pure journalese for once, reigns again in his good town of Nice. Most of us who have made his acquaintance in past years will be devoutly thankful when the night will come and he will be as per usual converted into ashes on the Place de la Préfeture. For King Carnival is a person of whom one quickly tires. He is noisy, he is dusty, and he brings with him a crowd, and the man who likes crowds should be condemned to penal servitude for life. For there is no denying the drawing power of King Carnival. The other day Nice was half empty; now it is very nearly full, and full not only with peasants, but with quite "nice people" into the bargain, all of whom have come to do homage to a King who seems a little out of place in these prosaic days. But, then, while his Majesty undoubtedly draws, he also sends not a few away. The old resident almost invariably takes the opportunity of King Carnival's arrival to spend a week or so at Monte or at Cannes and avoid the noise, and that abominable plaster confetti that the Niçois loves so that the authorities dare not abolish it. I verily believe that there would be a riot in the usually peaceful town of Nice were the Comité des Fêtes to decide to do away with the confetti battles.

Lack of Originality

The Carnival programme is, of course, precisely the same as for the last twenty-five years—at any rate, my Riviera recollections go back no further. It is amazing, but it is a fact, that a Comité des Fêtes with originality has never yet been discovered, though possibly the native, at any rate, might object to any departure from the established rule. But then lack of originality in the designing of fêtes programmes is so characteristic of the whole Riviera. Even Monte gives us what is practically the same menu year by year. Last winter it added a new dish in the shape of a fight, but this season that item has been scratched off the card. In fact, we know each year precisely to what meal we are going to sit down, and we seem to enjoy it immensely.

MR. ALFRED VANDERBILT
Of coaching fame, at Monte Carlo

A Timely Innovation

Anglo-Saxons down here have clamoured for years past for an occasional entertainment to be given

LADY TENNANT
at Monte Carlo

in their own language, but hitherto MM. les Casinotiers have turned a deaf ear to their appeal. Mr. Trub, the manager of the Gordon Hotels at Monte and Cannes, and a man of no little influence, made, I know, strong representations to M. Camille Blanc, and begged him to vary the programme of the Salle Garnier with a good English company. But M. Blanc was not to be persuaded. At last, however, has come the news that Mr. Ruhl has practically terminated arrangements with Cyril Maude for him to bring his company "down South" the week before Easter. The experiment should prove a paying one, for there are certainly plenty of Britishers and Americans on the coast, and there will be more in March, which we call the English month down here. If Cyril Maude does play here, his will prove the first appearance of an English star on the Riviera.

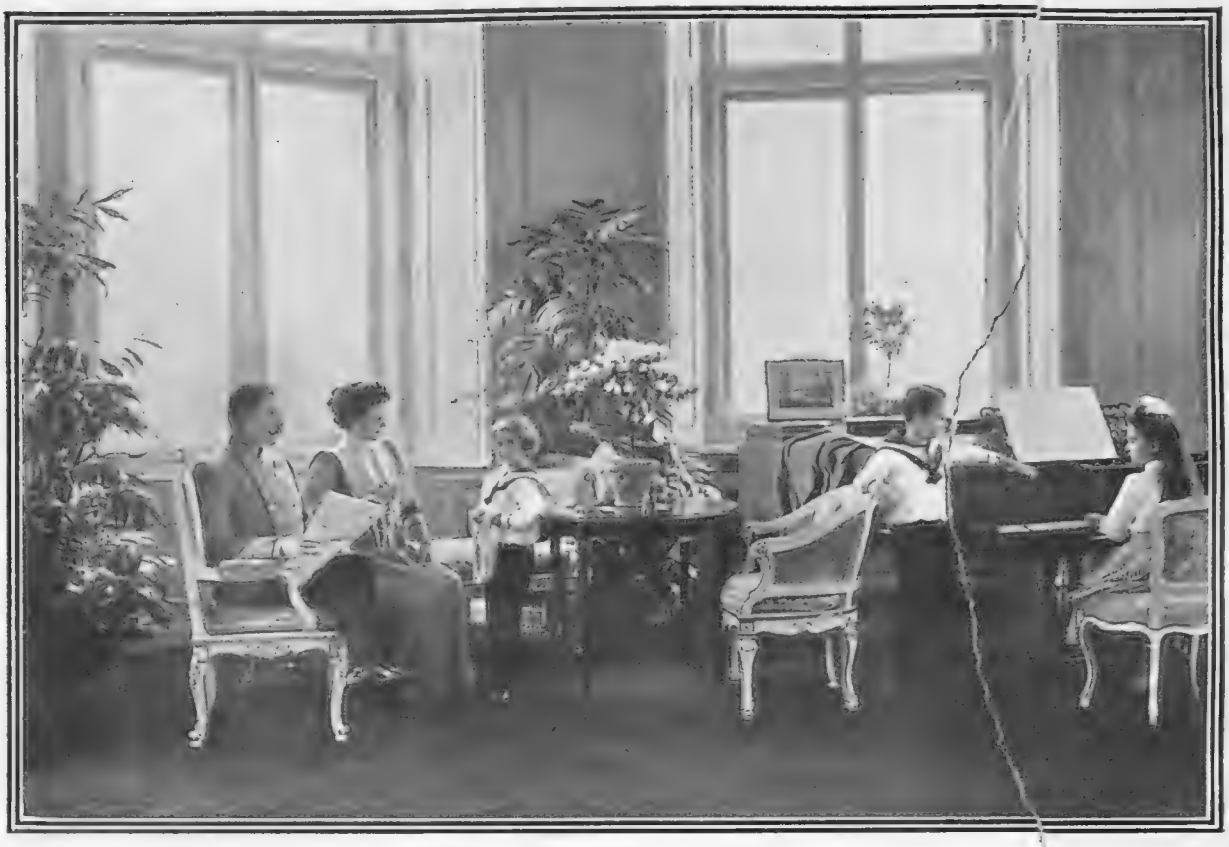
Nothing Doing at "Monte"

Things at Monte are certainly very quiet—exceptionally so. The other day I heard ugly rumours of a big hotel threatening to close its doors unless more "guests" arrived, but they may have been merely rumours. Anyhow, the German and Austrian abstention is doing an infinity of harm. A feature, too, of this year's season is the absence of the somebody who is, indeed, *rara avis*. One was quite cheered when one gazed upon Mr. Pierpont Morgan's distinctive features on the Place the other day, and discovered that the young man and the pretty girl at the Sporting Club were Lord and Lady Victor Paget. We have not been favoured by our annual visit from Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Balfour has, so far, failed to put in an appearance, though we are told to expect him before long.

Questionable Sport

So far only two Englishmen have won prizes this season at the Tir aux Pigeons, many of whose old *habitués* have been shown the door by the authorities for some mysterious reason or another. Whether there be any truth in the story that the Société des Bains de Mer are contemplating the removal of the Tir from its present all too conspicuous position I have been unable to discover.

Crown Princes in Two Styles



AUSTRIA: THE AMIABLY DOMESTIC

An interesting portrait group of the heir-apparent to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, his morganatic wife, and children, the latter respectively Prince Ernest, aged eight, Prince Maximilien-Charles, aged ten, and Princess Sophia, aged eleven. The photograph, taken in the magnificent Belvedere Palace at Vienna, is refreshing as showing the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, who is chief of the war party in Austria, in an almost depressingly peaceful rôle

Photographs *Underwood*

RUMANIA: THE SUGGESTIVELY BELLICOSE

The Crown Prince of Rumania and his son, Carol, inspecting the troops on New Year's Day. From the open mouths of the said troops it would appear that something had astonished them—or, perhaps, they are merely rehearsing a war-song to be tried with deadly effect on the panic-stricken Bulgarians

It is to be devoutl[y hoped that they] will come to such [a decision. The] Tir is only really [a "draw" for a] short while in the [season, and it is] far too much in ev[idence to please] any save those who [indulge in this] rather questionable [" sport." A] stroll on the Terrace is [made none the] more agreeable by [the perpetual] popping of a gun an[d the sight of a] poor miserable uno[ffending pigeon] fluttering to its dea[th. I know that] there are many wh[o declare that] there is nothing reall[y cruel about] pigeon-shooting. Pos[sibly. But] from a spectator's poin[t of view] there is a great deal tha[t is most] unpleasant. There are, I believe, some who enjoy a visit to a s[laughter-] house; there are more wh[o do not. And I fail to see why I] should be compelled, as I am, to see p[igeons put] to death, even if their e[xecutioners] have stepped straight from the "Almanach de Gotha."

Winter Sports at Péonne

By th[e time these] lines s[ee print winter] sport[s at Péonne,] near Beuil, will hav[e begun in real] earnest. The Country Club rest-house is quite ready; the roads leading to Péonne have been cleared, and everything points to the Riviera becoming a serious competitor with Switzerland for the patronage of those who love to winter among the snow. This year, of course, we shall only see a beginning, but if the hopes of the promoters be realised, and there seems no reason to suppose that they will not, we shall see Péonne develop into a second St. Moritz.

Puzzling Statistics

Statistics have always puzzled me. Now, no one can deny that this year's season at Nice is an exceptionally quiet one, yet on the day of the Grand Prix there was a record attendance and a record amount of money "invested" at the *pari mutuel*. Moreover, statistics show that more visitors have "descended" at Nice station so far than at any corresponding period in past years. Yet we have practically no German or Austrian visitors, and there is scarcely an hotel or a shop without a grumble. Can statistics lie? I begin to wonder. They certainly seem to, so far as the Riviera is concerned.

The Missing Cold Snap

So far we have had no winter on the Riviera. We had a day or two's rain while the Editor of THE BYSTANDER was down here, just to show him that it could rain on the Riviera, but beyond that we have had nothing in the shape of wintry weather of any kind. As a rule, January brings its cold snap, even to us of the Azure Coast, but this winter one has never wanted an overcoat till sunset, and even then it has scarcely been a necessity. The wearers of furs at the Grand Prix looked almost out of place, just as a woman would who appeared in an ermine cloak at Ascot, and the few men who turned up in straw hats were the most in the picture. So fine, indeed, has been the weather that several people of my acquaintance have abandoned projected trips to Egypt, preferring to linger in the sunshine nearer home.

R. W. M.

A ROYAL PROGRESS—ON SKIS

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, King George's cousin, and the Duchess ski-ing at Oberhof, Thuringia, the centre for winter sport in Germany. In the summer this charming district is much patronised by golfers

Out W[illegible] Meynell

A MEET OF THE FAMOUS MIDLAND PACK AT THE BARRACKS, DERBY

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD

Photographs *Howard Barnett*

A SCURRY TO GET AWAY WITH THE HOUNDS

The Meynell Hunt, one of the chief provincial packs, was founded in 1816. The ownership of the hounds is now vested in trustees, who hold them for the country, which lies in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and is undulating, with flying fences and little wire. The hounds number sixty couples, and foxes abound in plenty in the neighbouring woodlands belonging to Lord Bagot

A Fine Novel

IN his new novel, *Round the Corner* (Secker: 6*s.*), Mr. Gilbert Cannan is ambitious, painstaking, and sincere. He has a good, quite style, a sense of proportion, and a story to tell. And his book was at first banned by the libraries—I presume because he has dared to describe some commonplace affairs as they really are. (True, the ban has been removed now that the book is going into a second edition, but no matter.)

The "Plot"

I am wondering whether these few words will not do more to give a correct impression of the book than a careful analysis of its chapters. To be candid, it has no "plot," which is a ridiculous word and means very little indeed. Instead, it has the required four dimensions, length, breadth, depth—and time. It is the history of a middle-class family (with aristocratic relations) which lives in a north country town. And this family is described, so far as is possible, in terms of its father, the Rev. Francis Folyat.

The Dramas of the Children

Throughout his long life Francis is watching his children. One of his boys gets a girl into trouble, refuses to marry her (did this shock the librarians?), embezzles, and kills himself in a train. Minna, one of his younger daughters, marries an artist and is divorced. Annette marries a curious youth who had once been engaged to an elder sister of hers. Their mother, the Martha Brett whom Francis had once loved and idealised, is one of those abnormally selfish and absurd women to whom respectability is above godliness. But there is Serge, the eldest son, to counteract the monotony, and Serge is worth more than all the rest of the family. He is a splendid person, and I hope that Mr. Cannan may one day give us his career in some detail.

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MR. GILBERT CANNAN

The author of "Round the Corner" (Secker: 6s.), a novel which enjoyed the distinction of being banned by the libraries. Subsequently, however, when the book was going into its second edition, the ban was removed

The Father Watches

Round the Corner is a long book, and throughout its length the Rev. Francis is quietly observing these children of his, never quite certain of things, good-natured, lazy, honestly trying to live the life that is expected of him. On occasions, I think, he does not emerge quite so clearly as might be, but he is not so simple a character as you might at first suppose. He preserves his quiet dignity to the day of his death, and on the last pages you have an inkling of what his life must have been. As I said, there is no "plot," but the book is a fine gallery of portraits. Once or twice Mr. Cannan likes to run off into side-tracks, interesting in themselves, but not, perhaps, wholly germane, but the whole stands out clearly and distinctly. What is possibly the best chapter in the book, however—Bennett's education—seems to me to be a technical mistake; but this is a minor point. Here is a live book, which proves that Mr. Cannan is going to take a high place.

Farce with New Scenery

The Finger of Mr. Blee (Lane: 6*s.*) is, apparently, Mr. Peter Blundell's first essay in fiction. It is a farcical comedy of the tropics. Mr. Blee, a Eurasian of mysterious parentage, grows up to become a servant of the Government in one of our smaller dependencies (is this the correct word?), and pokes his nose into sundry high places. Questions of precedence, as we all know, are most important in the smallest communities, and Mr. Blee, after climbing a flagstaff and being shut into a drawer in the Commandant's office by the Commandant himself, meets with a series of surprising adventures which should provide much laughter. Quite an amusing production.

"Grey Timothy"

Mr. Edgar Wallace's new story, *Grey Timothy* (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), is not up to the author's standard. It runs on very conventional lines. Grey Timothy is a horse belonging to an Australian racing man, who, having made a fortune on the Turf in that sporting country, comes to England to try his luck. His horse is entered for one of the big races, and but for foul play must assuredly win. There is a surprisingly wicked peer, who attempts to kill poor Grey Timothy by getting a wretched youth who owes money to import the dreaded tsetse fly into its stable, but his design is frustrated owing to the fly's curious antipathy to grey horses. I do not know that this particular method of villainy has been made use of before, but one could have hoped for a rather more ingenious presentment of things from the author of *The Four Just Men*. However, it is a racing story of the Hawley Smart type, and will, doubtless, find readers. Mr. Brian Pallard, the hero, duly falls in love with the heroine, and Lord Pinlow and his peculiarly unpleasant associates duly come to grief. There is plenty of action, and people get shot and abducted in the usual way, but it is all rather tame and expected.

RALPH STRAUS

Professor "Q."

GIVES A SPECIAL SITTING TO "THE BYSTANDER"

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Better known as "Q," novelist, poet, and littérateur, who after graduating at Oxford and discovering Cornwall, where he still lives in a delightful house overlooking Fowey (Troy) Harbour, has been made King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, and elected to a Fellowship at Laurence Sterne's old college

BY R. G. MATHEWS

MATTERS MUSICAL

MAHLER'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Gustav Mahler

Of all the great contemporary German musicians Gustav Mahler is probably the least known to the musical public in this country. He only crossed the Channel once, I think, and his compositions have never met with much recognition either from press, public, or performers. In France and in America, however, he was more fortunate—I remember well the great success of his ninth symphony at the Châtelet not long before his death—while his tenancy of the directorate of the Vienna Opera gave rise to more enthusiasm and more recrimination than any other musical appointment in Europe. Speaking personally, I owe a debt to him that I can never forget, because he was the first person who made me realise the incomparable beauty of Mozart's operas. Indeed, I doubt if better performances of Mozart will ever be heard than those at the Vienna Hoftheâtre under his direction. And to a young man whose knowledge of Mozart's theatrical masterpieces was confined to travesties of *Don Giovanni* at Covent Garden or burlesques of *Le Nozze di Figaro* by well-meaning provincial touring companies they came as positive revelations, as achievements so beautiful that even now I can hardly think of them without emotion.

THE LATE GUSTAV MAHLER

Probably the least known to the musical public in this country of all the great German contemporaries. A criticism of his seventh symphony, given by Sir Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall, appears on this page

A Superb Conductor

Indeed, whatever may be said about Mahler as a theatre-director or a composer, there can be no doubt that as a conductor he was superb. And just as, in one way, his conductor's desire for autocracy made his rule at the opera very unpopular with some people, so, in quite another way, his conductor's passion for instrumental technique affected his music considerably. It is made for orchestral experiments, for weird sounds, all the tricks of an accomplished *Kapellmeister*. Of course, I do not mean that there is nothing more in it than that. On the contrary, his great sense of rhythm is most refreshing after the nerveless productions of many modern French and English composers.

A Master of Rhythm

This is particularly evident in the seventh symphony to which Sir Henry Wood introduced us last Saturday at the Queen's Hall. A long, rather sombre work, it is hardly ever dull, mainly because of this very quality. Some of the composer's thematic material may be even less distinguished than that of Strauss at his worst, the development may be diffuse, the first movement may be "dyspeptic," the last painfully reminiscent of the overture to the *Meistersinger*, but it is all tolerable because it is rhythmical. Other composers, please note.

Concerning the Movements

The symphony has five movements, of which, I think, the middle three are by far the best. Were they made into a separate suite, and had the title not been appropriated already, they might be christened "In the Shadows." For they all deal with the night in various aspects—the night as the mother of ghosts, the sister of eeriness, or the mistress of lovers. I liked the last the least. The theme which the analytical programme — could modern German music exist without it, I wonder?—calls "a tender love-song," I found neither tender nor particularly reminiscent of love. But that may be my obtuseness. Nor do I think that the composer was particularly successful with his guitars and mandolines. Rightly or wrongly, these instruments do not suggest tenderness to me so much as jolly Italian popular tunes, and that is why they are so extraordinarily effective as Mr. Grainger uses them, at the end of his Faroe-Island ballad. But the first and second, which are really far less similar in feeling than my description would suggest, possess an undeniable attractiveness of their own. Grotesque in the Berlioz manner, they are, harmonically, far stronger than the work of the French composer. Like his work, too, their appeal is really literary rather than musical. But Mahler's trick of alternating major and minor is musically effective, and the horn-theme of the "ghostly night-march"—most beautifully played by Mr. Brain—is something of an inspiration.

Ear or Eye

Such, at least, was the impression of an ordinary scoreless individual. The score may, and probably will, show all manner of clevernesses unrevealed to the mere listener. All the better for those who possessed it! But it is too often forgotten by the cultured that music, unlike a child, is meant to be heard and not seen. The orchestra was above praise.

FRANCIS TOYE

Musical Terms: No. III.

A TEMPO: IN TIME: RESUMING TIME

BY CHAS. HOWARD

A Case for Congratulation

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

THE HON. MRS. ALLAN MACKENZIE

Formerly Miss Louvima Knollys, and only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Knollys. Mrs. Mackenzie, who was married to Mr. Allan Mackenzie, of the Grenadier Guards, in 1911, recently gave birth to a son, and, in view of the high favour enjoyed at Court by her family, it is probable that King George will be sponsor to her child

"Nurse Lovell . . . . sat presiding over her tea-table"

The REAL TRAGEDY

The Bystander Short Story

By MARY L. PENDERED
(Author of "An Englishman," "Mush of Roses," etc.)

"In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst—the last is the real tragedy."
—OSCAR WILDE.

"YOU poor, dear thing! Fancy having worked hard all your life for this!" said Lady Armitage, with a gentle, half-contemptuous patronage, glancing round the little faded room as she spoke. It was the living-room of a tiny workman's flat in the East End of London, and, to its tenant, Nurse Lovell, represented the acme of comfort and cosiness. She sat now presiding over her tea-table, with its pretty blue china, smiling contentedly. It was a very happy moment. Three old schoolfellows had met together after losing sight of one another for many years.

"Don't pity Amy," said Mrs. Railton; "I'm sure she doesn't need it. I have always understood that when one loves one's work it is no hardship."

Nevertheless, there was patronage in her tone also. The two handsomely dressed, prosperous women could scarcely keep that out of their voices. They were really sorry for Amy, who had received no prizes in the world's lottery. She was so sweet and nice, it was a shame, they thought, that her life had been so dull and devoid of pleasure. And with their pity was blended that mild natural scorn which the wedded woman instinctively feels for the unwedded, that self-congratulation and complacency which the prosperous find it hard to conceal in their manner.

"Never mind about me," said Amy, cheerfully busy with her kettle and tea-pot, and without the least resentment of the patronage, which, to tell the truth, rather amused her. She was so pleased to see them both, to have them as her guests, that it would have been difficult to upset her content. "Never mind about me, but let me hear about you two—you magnificently successful and well-cared-for specimens of womanhood, who can carry a few hundred pounds of fur and jewellery about with you and hardly seem aware of it! You are both really charming to look at, and it does one good to look at you. There's Floss, without a grey hair to her head, with a bright colour, like a girl's, and wearing a chain of uncut turquoise enough to drive her fellows mad with envy! And I believe it is a real sable stole that reposes on the back of my humble chair!"

"It *is* real, Amy," said Lady Armitage, with very human pride in her costly possession. "I wish I could say as much for the bright colour and bronze hair. But it's no good trying to deceive a nurse."

"Oh, my speech wasn't sarcastic," declared Amy, laughing. "I didn't think about the possibility of pseudo-colour in either. They look quite natural, anyhow. But aren't they a bother to do—I mean to keep so?"

"Quite easy, I assure you," said Eva Railton, "when one has a good *coiffeur* and maid. I wish I could afford such luxuries. But when one has swarms of babies, eternally clamouring for food and boots, they exhaust one's resources and reduce one's margins for self-indulgence. Moreover, they diminish one's pride of person and love of self-adornment."

"Go to!" cried Floss Armitage, with a laugh. "It is perfectly apparent that you are as big a coquette as you ever were, and your pride of person has not diminished a *soupçon*. One has only to look at the way your hat is tilted! That and your dainty shoes give you away, Eva. I always look at a woman's feet if I want to know whether or not she is resigned to being a frump. You may be fond of your babies, but you wouldn't wear anything out of fashion, even to buy them boots."

"How little you know me!" exclaimed Eva. Amy looked from one to the other admiringly.

"I long to see your babies, Eva," she said. "You know how I have always loved children, and do still. Years of nursing in a children's hospital have not cured me. The more I have of them, the more I want."

"It must have been shockingly hard work, though," said Floss; "the wonder is that you look as young as you do."

The sunlight from the narrow window was falling full upon the middle-aged nurse's face, and certainly it did not reveal many wrinkles or signs of age, except a few grey hairs. The years had been kind to Amy Lovell.

"Oh, I take care of myself," she responded. "After an exhausting case I try to rest several days, as I am doing now. And then I never worry over trifles. That's the most ageing of all processes, I think."

"Why haven't you married?" Floss demanded suddenly, after scrutinising her. It had struck her that Amy was really rather pretty and attractive looking.

"There hasn't been time," was the laughing answer.

"You always said, at school, that you meant to marry young and have lots of babies," Eva reminded her.

"And you always said you would become a great operatic star and never marry, because you didn't want any 'squalling brats,'" Amy retorted.

"That's the irony of Fate," said Floss. "My one idea was to marry for love and live in a romantic cottage—without drains, I suppose. I was fatuously romantic, and look at me now!"

"I conclude, by that, you did not marry for love," said Eva. "I did."

"Has it answered?" inquired Lady Armitage

(All rights strictly reserved)

curiously. Amy murmured a protest against the question, while Eva hesitated. Then she confessed.

"Well, no—not so far as romance is concerned, certainly. I shouldn't like to be without my babies, and I am not unhappy now, but I have been—horribly! You see, no woman can keep on adoring a man who either can't or won't get a living for her and her children. It's a manifest impossibility."

"And can't your husband get a living?" demanded Floss, brutally.

Amy again intervened. "There are some things we mustn't——" she began, but Mrs. Railton interrupted her protest with a light laugh.

"Floss is quite right," she said; "we should be absolutely candid with each other. Why not? I will tell you my unvarnished history if you others will do the same."

They agreed. Floss Armitage promptly; Amy Lovell after a few moment's hesitation.

"I left school prepared to enjoy life and find my romance," Eva began, "and I was soon plunged into a round of flirtations, each one of which gave me the thrilling sensations necessary to my silly susceptible heart. I went through all sorts of mock agonies when my flirtees, as I may call them, gravitated to some other girl; but my wounds healed quickly, and I always found 'one down, t'other come on,' a rule of the game. The flirt can always find—collaborators; can always 'love again and be again undone,' in a strictly proper sense, *bien entendu*. I have always conducted my flirtations on a strictly proper basis, being brought up that way, and thrown with the kind of young men who were harmless as doves."

"There's a good deal in that!" exclaimed Floss, with peculiar emphasis.

"Oh, a lot, of course. Since I've known the world I've often thought what a decent set of boys my early flirtees were. But that kind of thing leads nowhere, and I found myself at twenty-nine without a mate, and getting, as one always dreads at twenty-nine, on the shelf. Then came the great romance of my life, and I believed myself the luckiest woman alive."

The two friends sighed sentimentally.

"It was a blissful time," Eva went on, "and I wouldn't be without the memory of it for a pension. He was so ravishingly good-looking and charming—he is now—and every other girl wanted him. Wasn't that enough to conquer me, anyhow? Before he proposed I was in a little private hell of doubt and longing for some weeks, and then I was plunged into a delirium of happiness. I needn't describe it—you both know."

The others nodded. Oh, yes, they knew. Floss looked rather surprised at Amy's acquiescence, and watched her closely.

"We had a very short and ecstatic engagement, a glorious honeymoon, a few short months of perfect bliss, followed by anxieties and miseries untold. And I was so unprepared for anxieties."

"Idealistic girls always are," said Floss.

"Yes. When all my ideals and expectations came tumbling about my ears I was almost stunned. It was a long time before I could realise that Lancelot, my beautiful and charming husband, was unstable as water, and had no more real character than a jellyfish. Oh, do not mistake me or look horrified at my wifely disloyalty; I am very fond of him still, and he of me—we rub on all right now. But at first, after the first shock of finding him absolutely lacking in a sense of responsibility, we didn't—we had awful jars and discordancies."

"Poor Eva," said Amy softly.

"The babies came fast. I had three in four years, then a pause of several years (I insisted on the pause!), and one every two years since. I have seven altogether, you know, and the last is nearly two years old—all the greatest darlings," and she beamed sweetly at Amy, who responded with a little sadness in her smile.

"I do envy you," she murmured; "oh, I do envy you, Eva. Seven darlings, all your own, and no one to take them from you."

"They're a bit of a handful, nevertheless," said Eva, with a gratified laugh. "Always one ailing, and with periodical infectious scares. But I don't know what I should do without them. However, to continue my narrative at the point where I left off: the babies came too quickly—likewise the bailiffs!"

"Bailiffs!" exclaimed the others, horrified.

"We hadn't any money, and my precious man had no ethics on the question of debt. He always ordered everything he wanted. After threatening to leave him a dozen times, and even going home to my parents for a few weeks once—(oh, I had a ghastly time all those first years)—I saw that he would never support me, and that I must do something for myself. I began to write. My first novel brought me in £25. My last £1,000 odd."

"My dear Eva! A novelist!" exclaimed Amy impressed. "Did you know she was an author, Floss?"

"No," said Lady Armitage, who had been strangely silent all this time.

"How should you know?" remarked Mrs. Railton calmly. "I could not put my own name to the stuff I write. I began with ideals and really tried to be literary. But I wanted money, and money quickly; I could not wait to become a literary artist. So I wrote what people wanted, the kind of things that *sell;* and I turned them out at the rate of two a year. I don't suppose either of you have read any of 'Zelia's' lucubrations. I'm 'Zelia.' The people in my books have no characters, but they're always doing something, amid oceans of talk. And they wallow in the tenderest emotions and sentiments, which lead them into terrific situations. That is why my novels sell like hot cakes, and I am able, Lady Floss, my dear, to wear pretty shoes and keep a little in the fashion. There's my life history. Now for yours."

Lady Armitage fidgeted a little with her teaspoon and disentangled her turquoise chain from the folds of her exquisite lace.

"I really don't know if I dare tell my story to two such saintly ones as you and Amy," she said, blushing a little under her paint. "You know I went on the stage, and one gets the bloom rubbed off a little, especially in some lines of the profession. Why didn't you go on with your singing, Eva? We all thought your voice wonderful, in the old days, and you yearned for an operatic career, whereas I——"

"You're shirking!" cried Eva, pointing an accusing finger at her. "Never mind about my singing. I was far too careless and absorbed in amusing myself when I might have studied, and my voice went all to pieces later under the stress of anxieties. But your story——"

"Well, briefly."

(Continued on page 256)

Something at the Chancellor's Expense

IF ONLY A COUPLE OF HARMLESS JESTS

"Lloyd George? No, I tell yer *that* ain't 'im. 'Ooever 'eard of Lloyd George with 'is 'ands in 'is *own* pockets"

BY H. McCORMICK

FARMER: "Now then, what are you doing prying about my property?"

POACHER (brightly): "Well, guv'nor, it ain't supposed to be known, but I'm on this Secret Land Commission of Lloyd George's"

BY RADCLIFFE WILSON

(Continued from page 254)

"No, not briefly; we want to hear everything."

"My dear, I *couldn't* tell you everything. Some things sound so much worse than they really are. And I don't want you and Amy to think too badly of me—to draw aside your virtuous skirts."

Both novelist and nurse disclaimed such uncharity, and assured her that, having no personal mortgage on her soul, they felt no right to cavil at whatever she had thought fit to do with it. Thus encouraged, she continued:

"I went on to the light opera stage at twenty-two—in the chorus. I loved it! The singing, dancing, pretty frocks, spirit of gaiety, free and easy life, all enchanted me. At twenty-four I fell violently in love with the leading man, a bull-throated tenor, who would doubtless inspire you with nothing but disgust, as he would me now. He was married."

"Oh-h!" breathed her two friends, comprehendingly.

"Now you understand. A *liaison*, short enough, but long enough to set me at defiance with the world and destroy a certain amount of self-respect. I was always passionate, headstrong, and excitable, as you may remember; far more so than either of you, and with a fearful longing to know everything, taste everything, enjoy everything; in short, *to live*. Well, I have lived—every moment of my life."

The others looked at her wistfully.

"I need go into no details," continued Lady Armitage. "I had a very gay time for years, travelling about, spending lots of money and meeting interesting people. But I began to tire, to grow worn out and *blasé*. Then Sir Hogskin Armitage fell in love with me. He was over fifty, bald, short, fat, and red. So I could only accept his offer in one form—that of holy matrimony! I wanted to settle down and be respectable. I wanted, also, to have a proper footing in Society. So I played him skilfully until I finally landed him as a husband, and got my solicitors to see that he made an excellent settlement before the wedding day. I had developed businesslike habits through the very nature of my career."

"A very interesting one," said Eva politely.

"At least you have *lived*," murmured Amy, with wide eyes staring out of her window.

"There is no doubt about that—'not wisely, but too well,' perhaps; but I still manage to get a good deal of fun out of life," replied her friend. "And now it is your turn, Amy. The whole truth, mind, and no prevarications."

"There is so little to tell, and you will think it so uninteresting," Amy responded, timidly. The histories of her friends had disturbed and daunted her. "I can only tell you that my father became insolvent when I was eighteen, and that it was necessary for me to get my own living. Nursing attracted me, chiefly, I think, because I made the acquaintance of a nurse in a children's hospital, and there was an opening for a probationer. I loved children so much, you see. Well, I got on very well and saved quite a nice sum by the time I was thirty. But then my father died and left my mother penniless. I had to keep her and help a brother who was studying medicine and nearly through his training. So my savings all melted away. However, since my mother died, five years ago, and my brother got into a practice, I've been able to save again, and am putting by for my old age."

She stopped.

"Go on," cried the others impatiently, "you've told us nothing yet. We want your life-history—your romance. Surely you've had some kind of romance. Everyone expects a spinster to have a secret chapter—a hidden sorrow of unrequited love—or something."

"I'm afraid this spinster must prove the exception," said Amy, smiling. "There has been no hidden sorrow of unrequited love in my story. Its romance has been all—in moonshine."

"What on earth do you mean?" queried Floss.

"I mean," said Amy seriously, "that all my romance has been *inside* me—nothing has happened *outside*. I have loved all my life, with all my heart and soul, without even a hope of fulfilling a woman's ordinary destiny."

"Then your love has not been returned, and yours *is* the tragedy of the unrequited," persisted Eva.

"Not at all. I am convinced that my love is returned, though the words that could make me doubly sure have never been spoken, never can be spoken."

"He is married—poor Amy!" murmured Floss.

"He is not married, and never will be."

"Then why?"

"He is a priest of the Roman Church," she said, with lowered eyes and voice. "I met him while nursing a patient of his own faith. He is simply the best man and truest gentleman I have ever met—far, far too good for any one woman to have an earthly claim upon. The whole world needs him. But still he is mine—all mine. Ever since I have known him I seem to have lived two lives—one the hard, prosaic everyday existence; the other all beauty, ideal, poetry, romance—as you would doubtless say—all moonshine!"

There was a short silence. Then Lady Armitage asked: "Has he ever kissed you?"

Amy shivered, as from a sudden chill, and a delicate colour began to mount from the stiff white collar at her neck. Smitten with compunction, Floss hastened to apologise. "I beg your pardon, Amy—I forgot you were—different. But I suppose some man has kissed you."

"Oh, yes—*some* man," Amy answered indifferently, with a curled lip; "one can hardly escape that in our position; but it doesn't count. It only—annoys."

"Annoys!" Floss exclaimed. "Well—that's one view. I don't remember ever feeling like that, but I may have done in early days. You *are* virginal, Amy, dear. But what you miss!"

"I suppose so," said Amy, dreamily. "Yes, I have missed a great deal, no doubt. I feel it when I hear Eva talk of her babies. And yet——"

"Well," demanded Floss, all curiosity.

"Perhaps I know more about it all than you think," she responded, presently.

"More about it!" they echoed.

"Of course, you cannot understand," pursued Amy, still dreamily; "how one can feel, can live through certain crises of life without the aid of sense. I mean, that I think when Nature and imagination are both strong in a woman she can pass through experiences as vivid and real to her as the experiences of sense. In my dream life I am not the Amy you see here, the matter-of-fact spinster nurse, middle-aged and uninteresting. I am what I wish to be, and intensely interesting to myself. I am not even a spinster, but

(Continued on page 258)

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(Continued from page 256)

a married woman, and I have two darling children. Oh, I won't say they make up for the loss of children one can see and feel, but they are a great joy, and they can never grow up, or be ill, or—die. And we are all so happy together, my love, and my children, and I. Nothing ever disturbs or distresses us. We go everywhere together, travel over the known world—and sometimes the unknown! We never disagree, we always worship each other, He and I. He is never anything but *He* to me, but our children are named. They are Felix and Aimée. Felix has dark eyes, like his father, and Aimée grey ones, like mine. We are all very young and take great delight in the beautiful world. There are no sick beds or unhappy people in *our* world! And we never grow any older. My husband is handsome; he thinks me lovely, and our children are the dearest little pets, so pretty and amusing and good. Oh, we are so happy in this dream world—this land of moonshine, you can't think!" Her lips were parted in a tender smile, her eyes full of warm light, and their far-away gaze seemed to reach beyond the little faded room, with its prosaic kitchen stove and old-fashioned dresser. She was not, indeed, the Amy they knew, but a beautiful, glowing, passionate woman-lover.

Recalling herself to her audience, she changed her tone, and added apologetically:

"But this must seem very absurd to both of you, who have lived the real outer life. It is very good of you not to laugh at me."

For her friends had turned grave and silent during her speech. With eyes fixed on her transformed face they had watched, as it were, the very motions of her spirit. Her eloquence had more than the mere oratory of words; there was living fire in it, passion, rapture, intense emotion.

Eva Railton was the first to speak. There was an unwonted moisture in her eyes.

"Laugh!" she cried, abruptly. "Laugh, you lucky woman! We are more likely to envy you."

"Yes," said Floss, rising and taking up her furs. "We began by pitying you, it is true; but that was only our ignorance. I see now we have cause to envy you."

Amy smiled, rather sadly. "And yet I have never in all my life had anything come to pass that I wanted very much," she said slowly; "never had a desire fulfilled, nor seen the fruition of a single hope. Sometimes it seems strange, and still—you envy me!"

"Because," returned Eva, "yours is the lesser tragedy. You know what Oscar Wilde said: 'In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst—the last is a real tragedy.' He was right. I found that out soon after my marriage."

"And I long before mine!" said Floss, grimly.

Amy was silent, and there was a pause, as her two friends put on their wraps.

"Well, good-bye, you dear innocent thing," said Floss, embracing her affectionately. "Go on living in your dream-world and be content. You can't be disappointed, anyway."

"Or disillusioned!" added Eva, kissing her tenderly. "Good-bye, Amy, dear, for the present. Next Sunday, without fail, you come to see my babies. I have so enjoyed this afternoon. It has taught me a great deal."

They went out, rustling down the four flights of stone steps and saying little. Amy returned to her living-room and began to clear her table. As she was washing the blue china she paused, and let her hands fall idly.

"Am I happy?" she asked herself curiously; "happy and enviable, as they say—those women who have had their hearts' desires. They have not very happy faces, certainly. I believe they really did envy me—for the moment." She weighed the matter carefully in her mind, with a cup poised in her hand. "But I wonder—whether—I would not exchange my tranquillity for their—experience. Is it not, perhaps, the soul's greatest tragedy to have only peace and comfort? Does it not crave something more, something to spend itself on, to suffer for? I wonder!"

MARY L. PENDERED

RICHARD STRAUSS EN VOYAGE

His opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," is to be given for the first time in London—to-night—if the Censor permits

(From a photograph by S. J. Loeb)

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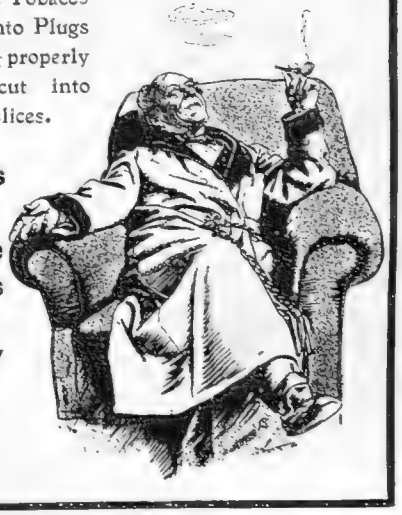

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MONNA DELZA, BEFORE LEAVING FOR EGYPT, IN A LUCILE GOWN.

The skirt is of white satin, with tunic of powder blue chiffon, embroidered with turquoise and diamonds, embroidered silver net insertion hangs from tunic, which is beaded with points of hyacinth blue satin, edged with diamonds. The bodice has the same combination as tunic, carried up to décolleté, higher on the left side. The top part is of transparent chiffon.

The Revolutionary Theorist

It seems inevitable that at this lean season of the year, when dry courses are few and far to seek and proper play is almost impossible, the game should be subjected to the attacks of the theorists. Most games go through such periods, when the carpet philosophers rush in with loud cries and hullabaloo to proclaim that the game, whether cricket, lawn tennis, football, or what not, is being taught or learnt on principles demonstrably and fundamentally wrong. No matter how long those principles have been established nor how admirably those who preach and practise them play the particular game, they must be thrown on the scrap-heap in favour of the brand new doctrines of the carpet philosopher.

Golf on Paper

Of late we poor golfers have been deluged with explanations on paper of how to do or not to do it. A little more than two decades ago Professor Tait, a famous mathematician, a practical golfer though not a good one, and father of the famous golfer, carried out a series of experiments on paper and on the links to prove certain theories he held with regard to the game. Among other things, he demonstrated to his own complete mathematical satisfaction that the ball could not be driven beyond a certain distance. The son promptly disproved his father's paper theory by driving a ball a goodly number of yards further than this theoretical limit. Now we have a philosopher who proclaims that the accepted theory that the greater weight of the player should be on his right leg at the top of the swing is entirely false. The weight, according to this gentleman, should be on the left leg.

Amusing But Not Instructive

How this is to be done, when in nine out of ten cases the player at the top of his swing has turned on his left foot to such an extent that very little beyond the toe of the left foot is touching the ground, we are not informed. Yet we are to be treated to a demonstration by machine to show us conclusively that we are wrong in our distribution of weight. A machine can never prove anything to us. Just as the scientist, who knows to a grain and an atom what are the components of the human body and yet is unable to create a living being, so machinery must lack the essential living element of the human golfer. There are certain strokes in golf in which the golfer, for particular purposes, deviates from his natural practice, and puts or keeps his weight on the left leg. But to argue from these exceptional cases to the conclusion that the player must always keep his weight on the left leg is to mistake a small part for the whole and to arrive at a vicious and incorrect precept. However, theorists come and go, and afford some amusement while they are prancing about.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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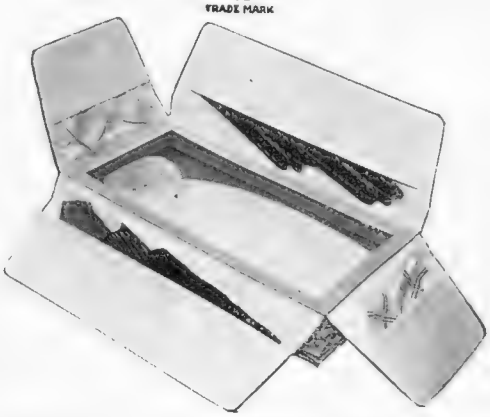

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YOUR skin trouble can be cured, whatever it is or however long you have had it. As water puts out fire, so Antexema conquers skin illness. The only reason people suffer from skin complaints is because they have not used Antexema, for it succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and every other treatment has failed. You haven't to wait days or weeks before you gain any benefit from Antexema. The first application stops all irritation and arrests the further progress of your skin complaint. Persevere with its use, and you will be thoroughly cured.

Mrs. N., of Stevenage, writes: "I feel I must write and say how grateful I am for my wonderful cure by Antexema. I suffered with eczema for eighteen years, and tried all sorts of things, not caring what it cost. I have been under doctors, also in hospital, but all failed to cure, It was weeping eczema in both hands. I was completely helpless, and at last despaired, feeling I should never be free from it. The incessant, maddening, itching pain was almost unbearable, and then one day a friend, who had also suffered from eczema, told me of Antexema. I sent for a free sample, found instant relief, and then got two more bottles, and was completely cured. That is more than a year ago, and no signs of eczema have ever returned. My once disfigured hands are now as clear as can be."

Antexema cures every Skin Illness

For the rashes, chafing, and tenderness of young children, to the worst case of obstinate eczema of men and women, Antexema may be depended on to effect a thorough cure. Scalp troubles, barber's rash, bad legs, rough hands, face spots, blackheads, and every other sore, irritated, pimply, blotchy condition of the skin quickly yields to Antexema. Skin sufferers! The sooner you use Antexema, the sooner will you be released from your misery.

Antexema is not an ointment, but is invisible on the skin. It is economical, for one small bottle is generally sufficient for a complete cure. Finally, Antexema is not a quack nostrum, but a physician's remedy of acknowledged therapeutic value, and every bottle is made up in our own laboratory from his prescription. Do not make the mistake of ignoring the early signs of skin illness. Redness or roughness of the hands, an eruption of little pimples, or something of that kind does not seem very important, but if you use Antexema promptly the trouble will soon be over.

Don't suffer another moment. Gain relief at once. Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores to-day, and get a bottle of Antexema. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows' supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct post free in plain wrapper 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

No more Ugly Ears

Nothing is more disfiguring than outstanding ears, and nothing causes so much annoyance in later life. Any such tendency should be corrected in infancy, when the cartilages are easily moulded. This, however, requires great care, for many appliances restrict the circulation, make the wearer uncomfortable, and are useless.

To secure beautiful ears, the Claxton Ear-Cap should be worn in the nursery or during sleep, for it gently does what is necessary. The Claxton Improved Patent Ear-Cap is beautifully made in twenty-one sizes, causes no discomfort, and is very effective. Send for one at once.

It prevents the child's hair tangling, and ensures breathing through the nose during sleep. Obtainable of all chemists, stores, and outfitters; and purchasers are requested to look for the little silky gauze diamond on the ear shown in illustration. To order direct fill in order form below, and forward remittance for 4s.

SPECIAL ORDER FORM

To B. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

Herewith please find remittance for 4/- for the Claxton Patent Ear-Cap. The measurement right round head touching points A and B is .....

and from lobe to lobe of ears marked D, touching at point C, is .....

Name .....

Address .....

The Bystander, 29/1/13. .....

PICTORIALITES IN SPORT

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE BERKS, BUCKS, AND OXON CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

The Championship of the Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Association was won on January 18 by the Reading A.C., whose team secured the second, fifth, sixth, seventh, and ninth places. James Wilson, of the Slough Harriers, led the field from start to finish, and was easily first. Our illustration shows the start on the historic Agar's Plough at Eton

Photograph] S. E. SWANN [*L.N.A.*

Stroke of the Cambridge Eight last year and hon. secretary of the C.U.B.C. A dislocated elbow kept him out of the boat until last week, when he came in at No. 2. It is feared that his injury may debar him from filling his last year's thwart

Photo L.N.A.

ROWING BLUES ACTUAL AND POTENTIAL AT OXFORD

Photographed at the 'Varsity boathouse

Left to right: H. B. Wells (Magdalen, cox), H. K. Ward (New College), C. E. Tinné (University), L. G. Wormald (Magdalen, President), R. P. Hankinson (New College), C. L. Baillieu (Magdalen), and E. D. Horsfall (Magdalen). Wells, Tinné, Wormald, and Horsfall are Old Blues

Photograph *Topical*

SANCTUARY?

An opportune snapshot of an incident in the course of a run with the Bicester hounds, when the fox took refuge in the vicarage garden at Thorpe Mandeville. The camera has caught him in the act of scaling the vicarage wall

Photograph *Ullyett*

J. L. C. MERCER

Passing the winning post first in the ski race for the Roberts of Kandahar Cup at Mürren. He has now won the Cup for two years in succession

Photograph *L.N.A.*

F. W. DIX

The British Amateur speed skating champion, who has been "going strong" in Switzerland. At the International Skating Meeting at Davos he won both the long distance races, 5,000 and 10,000 metres, beating a formidable opponent in Bohrer, the Continental crack

The Windermere District in British Columbia

On the Slopes of the Selkirks

Described as a land of glorious mountains and lovely valleys, British Columbia has no more beautiful area than the upper reaches of the Columbia Valley, lying between the Rockies and the Selkirk Mountains. Hitherto this district has been somewhat inaccessible, owing to the absence of any railway, but now a branch line of the Canadian Pacific is under construction south of Golden to the Windermere District, and the shores at the head of Lake Windermere are already dotted with new homes and the beginnings of orchards which will one day send their apples to the markets of the Canadian prairies or over to London or across the equator to Australasia.

Windermere Revisited

A contributor to the illustrated paper *Canada* who has just paid a visit to the Columbia Valley wrote as follows in the issue of November 9.

"This summer I paid my third visit to the Valley, and more than ever before my heart was ensnared by its beauty. Canada has no more lovely province than British Columbia, and here all the charms of that most lovely Province seem to have been blended—river and mountain and lake, a road among the pine trees, balmy air, creeks running back deep into the hills, snug little farms with apples in the orchard, woods full of partridge, the thrum of an occasional sawmill, the smoke of clearing, tents of the ditch-builders, and overhead one vast, wide, sapphire sky.

"South of Spillimacheen the land is dry enough for irrigation, and of this the benchland is suitable for growing the hardier types of early apples, such as Mackintosh Red, Wealthy, Duchess of Oldenburg, Grime's Golden, and Delicious. The elevation is higher than that of the Okanagan Valley, but is less than that at which commercial orchards thrive in the neighbourhood of Cranbrook, and is 1,000 feet less than that of Calgary. It is a perfect mixed-farming country, with a clean-footed, healthy breed of horses, and its proximity both to the prairies and to the mining camps of the Kootenays makes its markets assured both for fruit and for farm produce.

"I was fortunate enough to visit the Windermere district at the time of the annual fair, and was glad to see how excellent and varied were the exhibits of farm produce. The first prize went to General Poett, and a splendid exhibit his was. The list of entries bristled with the names of ex-army officers, who seem to excel in the art of growing enormous potatoes and positively colossal mangolds. At the race meeting held on the Invermere polo-ground five hundred spectators saw good running by some of the prettiest thoroughbreds ever seen in any country. Captain R. Grant Thorold, who breeds polo ponies at Dutch Creek, is one of those responsible for this commendable enterprise."

The British Columbia Government is taking great interest in the settlement of the Columbia Valley, and has issued an illustrated Official Bulletin (No. 26) emphasising and amplifying the attractions that this district offers to fruit growers, stock raisers, and dairy farmers. The following are extracts from this Official Government Bulletin :—

Agricultural Lands

"The area of the Valley proper is roughly about one million acres, and at a modest estimate from 20 to 30 per cent. of this is available for crops of grain, vegetables, and fruits, while nearly all the rest is good pasture. The actual extent of cultivable land will only be determined by exploration and settlement, as, so far, the examination of the greater portion of the Valley has been superficial. Practically all the benches require irrigation to procure the best results, and it remains to be proved whether dry farming can be practised with success. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that with irrigation all ordinary field crops—grains, roots, vegetables, and fruits—can be grown in quantity and of the best quality. Three and even four crops of alfalfa in a season are not uncommon, while timothy and other fodder crops yield large returns. It is also established beyond question that the Valley is well adapted for fruit growing.

Climate

"The climate is healthful and enjoyable at all seasons, although the temperature shows a wide variation. Blizzards and cyclones are unknown, and bright, sunny weather, winter and summer, is the rule. The summers are dry with occasional hot days, the mean temperature being about 60 degrees and the maximum 95 degrees Fahr. The heat, being dry, is not oppressive; it is modified by light winds passing over the glaciers and snow caps of the mountains, and the nights are always cool. The mean maximum temperature in winter is 53 degrees, and the mean minimum 23 degrees, the range being from 68 above zero to 36 degrees below. The extreme cold dips are rare and of short duration, alternating with periods of spring-like weather caused by the warm (Chinook) winds, which often clear the ground of snow. The winters are dry, crisp, and bracing, clear skies and bright sunshiny days and calm starry nights prevailing.

"The rivers and lakes afford good sport to the angler, as there is abundance of fish of many kinds, the Dolly Varden, cut-throat trout, and the char being the most common."

Where to Get the Land

Fifty thousand acres in the Windermere District of the Columbia Valley are being prepared for settlement by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and a number of families have had houses built for them and have settled down in their new homes. A great many more have the intention of going there this spring and summer. Anyone who desires further information about this district should write to or call at the offices of the Land Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.; 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol; Royal Liver Buildings, Pierhead, Liverpool; or 116, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

GET YOUR DRIVER'S LIVERY at

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42-43, Lombard Street, E.C.
MANCHESTER. GLASGOW.

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SPECIAL NOTICE :—We are able to supply petrol to users of "NATIONAL" plants at an enormous saving. Particulars on request.

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26, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

MOTORING BY LAND AND WATER

The photograph was taken as the car came through a flooded road near Staines. The road part of picture is a matter of the imagination. As a study in highways it has disadvantages, but as an example of what a car is called upon to do, and what it will do, it is excellent

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

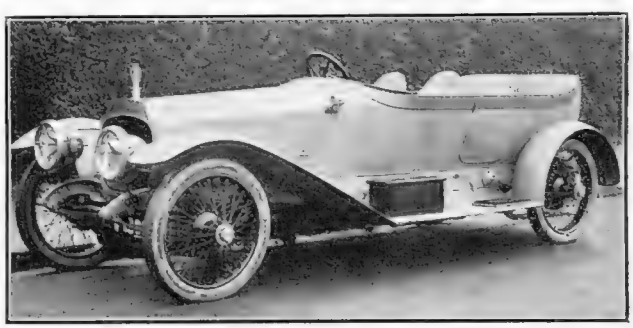
BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Bread on the Waters

In making a few remarks upon what the peripatetic pressman persists in promulgating as the petrol problem (if alliterative effect is worth getting at all it is worth getting well) I seem to have cast my bread upon the waters. It returns to me after many days (so that the saying may be fulfilled) in correspondence, prospectuses, and printed matter of sundry and divers sorts. For these presents many thanks. If the general endeavour is to convert me to the idea that adequate steps must be taken to free the motor industry and the national interests from the rapacious maw of what is, in effect, a petrol combine, the effort is wasted. I was converted long ago. On the general principle I think I must have been born converted.

The Inevitable Combine

Therefore I am distinctly and unequivocably in favour of any move along sound lines in the direction of what our distant cousins of America would felicitously call "Trust bustin'." I think I made that very clear. Sound lines, from my point of view, must necessarily be co-operative lines. The introduction of another competitive factor not organised on co-operative lines cannot touch the situation except temporarily. While the fight for the market was being waged, prices would doubtless fall; but the present combine has grown out of just such a fight, and there is no reason to suppose that the result of another struggle, waged under similar conditions, would be any different. Sooner or later we must arrive at the combine stage again. The combine might be larger, but so would its control over sources of supply.



THE "GOODWOOD" VAUXHALL

Meaning a Vauxhall chassis with a six-cylinder engine of 35 h.-p., and a particular type of torpedo body with adjustable front seats known as the "Goodwood." Together, a very distinguished vehicle that puts the commandment against covetousness in grave danger

The Futility of Limited Co-operation

Even a co-operative scheme confined to motor-car owners might fail most dismally, though the Society owned and controlled its own sources of supply and the means of distribution. It would either have to possess enormous wealth or its members would have to possess enormous loyalty, which could not be bought at the price of a few pence per gallon of petrol—assuming the opposition combine thought it worth while to cut prices and work at a loss, so far as petrol was concerned, to regain the market. It could easily do that; so that it would be a fight of financial resources against loyalty. In the former case both would be losing and hastening toward the time when one swallowed the other and the *status quo* bobbed serenely up again. In the latter case I think, while hoping I am entirely wrong, that the odds are very, *very* long against loyalty.

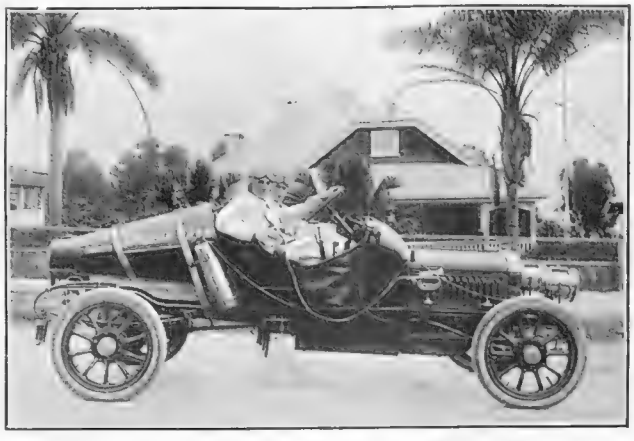
A Larger Issue

It seems to me, therefore, that a limited scheme of co-operation is not likely to provide the best way out of the difficulty. We are beyond the stage where it is merely a question of the supply of petrol to motorists. This strikes me as a national concern. The internal combustion engine is fast becoming, if it has not already become, an integral part of the national well-being. It may presently become a dominant factor in the national defence by land, sea, and sky. The only adequate co-operative scheme in that case would be national. The nation will have to control its own fuel supply, whether derived from crude petroleum or any other source. And that brings up the question of the possibilities of a home-made

substitute. I am distinctly in favour of any well-devised co-operative scheme for the immediate supply of petrol, so long as the essential limitations of such a scheme are understood, and so long as any proposals in that direction are clearly defined and practical to demonstration, but the home-made substitute, if possible, and particularly if it can be nationally controlled, has the greater appeal.

A National Dilemma

Assuming its practicability, it seems to me to offer the best, perhaps the only, way out of a rapidly approaching national dilemma. Even if some petroleum fields are available to us, and, of course, they are, there must be a long line of communication, which, in times of war, could be cut. We have quite enough lines to protect without adding another to them if it can be avoided. It will occupy all our available resources to protect the food supplies of the greatest nation in the world—which, nevertheless, is unable to feed itself, and must be starved out in less than a month if its trade routes are effectively blockaded. Those routes must, therefore, be kept open. Hence the need for an adequate fuel reserve for oil-stoked ships of war. Likely enough, the evolution of naval armaments will have made that type of vessel common in our fleet before we come to serious grips with another naval Power or combination of Powers. It is a tragic idea that robs the guardians of our sea-borne food supplies of their power of volition. Control of our own oil supplies abroad by all means, but, if that be as possible as it seems, control of a fuel supply at home. Given a substitute—benzol or what not—co-operatively controlled by the nation, and the petrol ring is broken and our position in this regard secure. That is all. I hereby promise not to refer to petrol again for a long time.



THE SUNBEAM'S PLACE IN THE SUN

A 12-16 h.-p. standard Sunbeam chassis, with special racing body, recently run under test at Brisbane by the M'Ghie Motor Company with remarkable success. Speeds of 69 m.p.h. were attained—on Brisbane roads! An attempt at a twenty-four hour track speed test failed because the small radius of the track tore the tyres to pieces

In Compression

The evidence of the efficiency of Daimler-Lanchester worm-gears is to be found in the beautiful booklet just issued by the Daimler Co., of Coventry, and consisting of a facsimile reproduction of the National Physical Laboratory's report—an interesting and instructive document, to be had for the asking.

Special London Retailers for Rolls-Royce and Minerva cars. Write us your requirements, also for particulars of the new, light Foy Steele cars—a revelation in value.—JARROTT, LIMITED, 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

RACING: Our Jockeys. BY CARBINE

The Jockey Problem

The next issue of the *Calendar* will let loose a flood of discussion and analysis, as it will contain the much-desired and much-debated weights for the Spring Handicaps. National Hunt sport, too, is waking up, and from now onwards racing men will have plenty to occupy their thoughts and excite their interest. Meanwhile they have been favoured by an interesting communication from Mr. John Porter on the subject of the supply of jockeys, which has created some discussion, as anything from the pen of so distinguished a master of his art was bound to do. Mr. Porter recalls the time when, if he had a horse good enough to run in the Derby, he could find twenty jockeys good enough to ride him; but now—"Where are the jockeys?" he asks, and Echo answers "Where?"

The Remedy

Mr. Porter has, of course, a remedy to put forward. There are plenty of boys who can ride, but the opportunities are denied them. He wishes that owners would second the efforts of trainers by putting up the boys the trainers have taken the trouble to teach. He suggests a lowering of the standard of weight to 5st. The question does not appear to be one so much of quantity as quality. As in other spheres of life, it takes something more than adverse circumstances to keep down the individual who has it in him to get to the top. It is a reflection which makes a consideration of the jockey problem more sorrowful still.

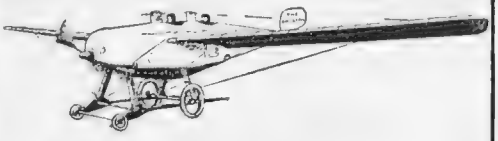
New Recruits

Several interesting first appearances under N.H. Rules were made at Newbury, notably that of Lilaline, a daughter of St. Martin and Linton Lily, who could go a bit on the flat and promises to do as well over hurdles for the owner of Senseless. Sobieski was not so successful on his first attempt the next day, but he did fairly well to finish third to Bernstein and Florizel's Pride. Behind them was Moscato, who was said to have proved himself very useful over the minor obstacles at home, but he did not shape any too well, and ran none too kindly at first, finally just winning the place he was expected to fill. Bernstein gave a very smart display, and can go equally well over fences, so this young son of St. Gris may have a distinguished future.

Selections

There is material for some good racing at Folkestone and Windsor, where the entries are plethoric in character. At the former place on Wednesday **Abbott's Choice** may take the Handicap Steeplechase. **Bronzewing III.** may follow up his Manchester victory by securing the Eton Hurdle Handicap at Windsor on Friday, and another recent winner in **Black Plum** might prove the best of those in the Castle Steeplechase on Saturday. At Derby on Monday I fancy **Rear Admiral** in the Derbyshire Hurdle Handicap.

"The Bristol"



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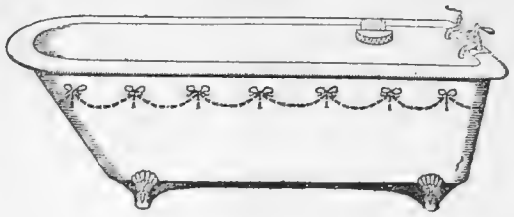

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No. 478.—Vol. XXXVII. Wednesday, January 29, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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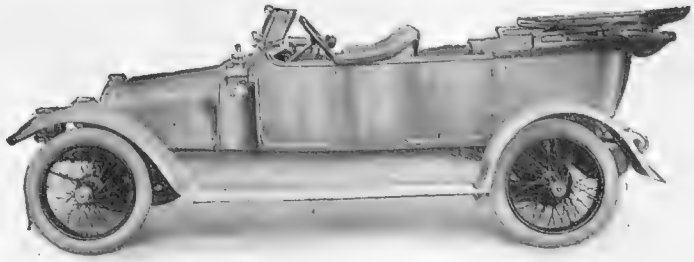

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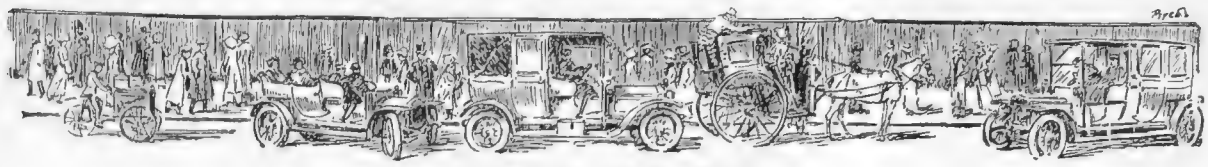

By MRS. JACK MAY

WITH dress at the altitude it has now attained, it is small wonder that preparations for the first Courts — usually accounted rather dull affairs in comparison with the after assemblages—are proceeding on lines never before attempted. Notably among *couturières* who are immersed in the business of producing Court attire is Mascotte, 89, Park Street, whose taste is as perfect as her designs are individual. Whether Madame Mascotte's objective be a regal affair, as the gown sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, or some simple picturesque débutante's dress, the same supreme handling is to be observed. It would be impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely beautiful than the confection illustrated, and which will be worn at the first Court, February 7.

The Pictured Gown

A gorgeous black and gold *broché* fashions the gown, one point of the drapery being carried up on to the corsage, which is upheld on the one side by a strap of black velvet, and on the other by a *bretelle* of tulle; the *broché* forming a bracelet round the one arm, caught with great diamond plaques. The square train is of cloth of gold, embroidered with an Empire wreath of black velvet leaves round the edge, while the lining—and this a very *tour de force* — is purple and sealing-wax red, an *imprévu* note of contrast that will be picked up by a bouquet of red orchids tied with purple ribbon.

For débutantes, Mascotte is using a great deal of snowy chiffon, and advocates the very simplest designs. A case in point has a *bébé* bodice and tunic of white chiffon over a *charmeuse* skirt, the latter slit up at one side, rather nearer the back than the front, to reveal a petticoat of lace ornamented with silver roses. The chiffon is likewise very delicately embroidered with silver, and the soft all-lace train is lined with silver gauze over pale pink chiffon, the latter glinting through both lace and gauze like the roseate hues of dawn.

Mascotte has responded warmly to the demand for lace, and those of her clients who are fortunately equipped in this particular are hastening to her with their *dentelle* treasures.

A MAGNIFICENT COURT DRESS

The gown is fashioned of gorgeous black and gold "broché," one point of the drapery being carried up on cloth of gold to the corsage. The square train is embroidered with an Empire wreath of black velvet leaves round the edge

(Sketched at Madame Mascotte's by Dorothy Millar)

On Corsets

My attention has once more been drawn to that splendid corset, the *specialité* of Madame Soum, of Paris, whose two London Depôts are respectively 193, Regent Street, and 138, Brompton Road. While adhering firmly to her creed that the perfect corset should be light of weight and modelled in full conformity with anatomical laws, Madame Soum keeps a wary eye open on the varying moods of *La Mode*, and is, consequently, always well ahead with any slight change of contour. The models she is providing at the moment meet the still insistent requirement of the close-fitting gowns, and are fashioned of an exclusive material that has brought about a notable departure—in fact, one of far-reaching influence in corset productions.

Since one of the salient features of the "Corset Gaine" is a paucity of bones, it goes without saying that this special material offers a steady resistance to wear. Yet the "Corset Gaine," while allowing perfect freedom of movement, never loses its shape. The material is made, moreover, in five degrees of weight, known as tropical, airy-light, summer, autumn, and winter.

Another big achievement with Mme. Soum is the "Ceinture Gaine." The wear of this reduces figures in an incredibly short time to shapeliness and elegance. Nothing so quickly advertises age as adipose deposit, the which the "Ceinture Gaine" disposes of below the waist in the most natural manner, and without the slightest discomfort or injury to health. It has successfully passed the most searching medical criticism, and can be worn with any corset. There is a method for putting on the "Ceinture," which is drawn up from the feet. But full instructions, together with a vast deal of interesting information in connection with Mme. Soum's *specialités*, can be gathered from any of the above addresses.

A Simple Gown for Early Spring

Even at this early date I am persuaded, with many others, that the all-in-one gown, arranged in some manner on the lines of the one that forms the subject of my second picture, will become a very firm vogue in a few short weeks. The actual example is of navy blue *charmeuse*, with vest of ivory *voile de soie*. Perhaps only the perfectly educated sartorial eye can take in the clever detail of cut and treatment. For the rest there stands a creation that is just indescribably *chic*, *chic* in a way that no ready-to-wear gown is ever capable of attaining.

Photograph *Talbot*

AN EARLY SPRING GOWN

Of navy blue "charmeuse," with vest of "voile de soie"

Lucile, Hanover Square

At her exclusive *atelier* in Paris, situated in the Rue de la Boitie, Lucile has recently created a series of beautiful gowns for the famous French actress, Monna Delza. As the cynosure just now of all Paris, it marks an epoch in the career of Lucile, and it is truly significant that she should have been selected out of all the *couturières* in Paris to create for Monna Delza.

Each confection, in its way, is a *chef d'œuvre*. But there is one in particular, quite simple, but supremely effective, comprising a skirt of soft white satin, just slightly draped about the hem at one side to show the ankle, as is now *de rigueur*, and an over-dress of white tulle worked with lines of *dimanté*, that sparkle like a cascade of dewdrops on a snowy background. At the hem of this over-dress there is introduced a lovely embroidery in which occur touches of palest blue, the same *broderie* forming a rounded bib on the kimono corsage of *dimanté* tulle. A folded *ceinture* completes the scheme, with one of Lucile's favourite simple flat ends at one side. Court gowns are just now absorbing a large share of Lucile's attention, the results subsequently finding their way into the *salon* at Hanover Square.

The Menu: Fish Cookery

The chafing-dish and casserole both open facilities for the preparation of fish, and it may be served in dainty little portions in small earthenware pots that are especially suitable for a little theatre supper. Oysters are always appreciated, and the following way of cooking them on a chafing-dish is one that will appeal to many.

Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl, add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot-buttered toast.

Fillets of Sole à la Créole

Mince finely eight mushrooms, put them in a frying-pan with two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped shallots and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Add 1oz. of butter, and season with pepper and salt. Toss these ingredients over the fire until cooked, then let them get cold. Skin and fillet two soles. Cover one side of each with the above mixture, roll them up, tie each with a piece of thread, place them in a buttered sauté-pan, and bake for ten minutes. Have ready some rich white sauce. Put each fillet into a china case, place a small mushroom on top of each. Fill up the cases with the hot sauce, and sprinkle over a few brown breadcrumbs. Return to the oven for a few minutes to brown the tops. Dish up and serve.

Oyster Baskets à la Hartington

Scoop out the interior of some smooth tomatoes which have been cut in half and drain them from juice. Cut some large stewing oysters into dice. Make a good white sauce with cream, flavour with the liquor from the oysters, a little cayenne and lemon-juice, add the oysters, and fill the tomatoes. Take an anchovy that has been well soaked in milk, and cut it up small and lay on the top of each tomato, and place parsley stalks across for the handle. Dish on fried croûtons, and send hot to table. A little chopped-up bacon may be used instead of anchovy.

Savoury Crab with Tomato Sauce

Break up a boiled crab, separate all the meat from the shell and claws. Put the meat into a stewpan with a handful of soft breadcrumbs, four tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, the juice of half a lemon, and a little finely chopped lemon-peel, season with salt and pepper, and add a wineglassful of chablis or sherry. Let all simmer over the fire, whilst stirring, for ten minutes; add a small piece of fresh butter, bring once more to the boil, then turn out on a hot dish, garnish with fried bread croûtons and slices of lemon, and serve.

EMILIA

DORIC SIMPLICITY

The Dorians in ancient Greece were of simple habits, one of which was the partaking of common meals. This custom was known as Syssitia or Pheiditia, and prevailed also in Sparta. The men did not dine with the rest of the family, but with other males who formed small parties, each individual contributing a share towards the meal. The contributions were mostly in kind, the various items supplied by the diners being pre-arranged. Whenever obtainable, the Greek grape was on the table. They knew its wonderful food value and savoury properties, and so do we. That is why Currant Recipes are always acceptable. Try this one.

Currant Marmalade Pudding

4ozs. breadcrumbs, 4ozs. suet, 4ozs. sugar, 4ozs. marmalade, 4ozs. currants, 2ozs. flour, 2 eggs, ½ teacupful milk.

METHOD.—Mix all the ingredients together; grease a pudding basin with butter and dust with sugar. Put in mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam three hours.

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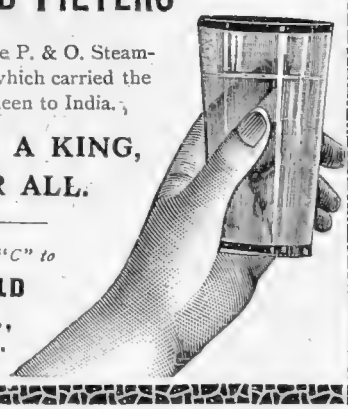

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San Remo and the New Kurhaus San Remo

WHAT magic there is in the name of San Remo! At the mere mention of it there rises before the mind's eye a vision of the Riviera, with its blue expanse of sea, its marvellous display of flowers, and the constant brightness of its sky. Elderly persons find the climate an ideal one, exactly suited to their needs. But visitors seeking to recover their health after an illness, or wishing to take the special course of medical treatment generally known as a Kur, have not hitherto found themselves particularly well catered for. These considerations have had the effect of bringing into existence a new undertaking, the Grand Hotel Bellevue and Kurhaus San Remo which is carried on by the Hüglin, whose headquarters are the Hotel and Kurhaus St. Blasien, situated amid the pine woods of the Black Forest. At the Kurhaus San Remo the completest arrangements have been made for taking the Kur. But it is in the combination of the two establishments, the hotel and the kurhaus, that the novelty of the whole undertaking consists, because patients and convalescents who might like to go South in the company of relatives in good health can, when they feel well, join the latter in the recreations incidental to social life in a first-class hotel.

Photograph *Kreutzberg*

Bathing is a Popular Pastime at San Remo

As a result of the excellent arrangements which have been made for this purpose, it is well known that San Remo can offer a great variety of amusements and recreations. In the Grand Hotel Bellevue dances are given regularly, and beyond all doubt there is not in the whole of the Riviera any establishment which can beat this new undertaking.

A New Departure in Garden Treillage & Ornaments

THOSE who are interested in gardens cannot spend a more profitable hour than by visiting the new galleries at No. 123, New Bond Street, W., which have just been opened by the well-known firm of John P. White and Sons, Ltd., of the Pyghtle Works, Bedford. This firm have long been noted for the excellent work they have turned out for many years in the way of Old English garden seats, treillage, pergolas, garden houses, etc., which are manufactured by them at their works at Bedford. In addition to this they also have on view a large and varied stock of garden ornaments, in the nature of sundials, fountains, wellheads, statuary, vases, and wrought-iron gates, both antique and modern, and in all styles, including English, Italian, French, and Dutch.

This firm are also noted for their treillage, to the production of which for many years they have given a great amount of care and thought. This is a form of decoration which (although actually dated as far back as the days of Ancient Rome) had been very little used in this country until introduced by Messrs. White, who were practically the first in this country to realise its many various uses and advantages. By its assistance many odd corners, unsightly lead flats, bare walls, etc., which have long since been given up as hopeless, may be beautified.

A Pretty Garden Ornament

Pergola, Harwood Lodge, Newbury

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can this material be obtained, and only Southalls' have the correct shaping, improved ends, easy attachment, and extra thickness.

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Southalls' are sold by Drapers, Chemists, etc., in packets of 1 doz at 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/-

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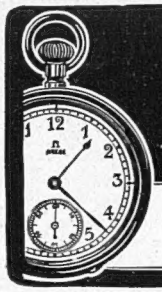

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The Editor's Box

Croydon Repertory Theatre

The repertory movement, so successful in many of the largest provincial centres, is at last to find firm support in London. A repertory season will shortly be inaugurated at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, under the direction of Mr. Keble Howard and Mr. Dick Adams. Further details will be shortly announced.

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

Mr. George Edwardes's Company in *The Merry Widow* is here this week, and will be followed on Monday next by a pantomime, *Aladdin*.

The Renaissance in Masculine Attire

Judging from articles which have recently been appearing in some of the London dailies it would seem that we are threatened with a revival of the artistic and elaborate costumes associated with eighteenth-century fashions—modified, of course, to some extent to meet the restrictions of the greater commercialism which prevails at the present day. Well to the front as pioneers of this movement are Messrs. Pope and Bradley, of 14, Old Bond Street, W., and the models which are on view at this firm's *salons* are calculated to go far in securing converts. Mr. H. Dennis Bradley (one of the partners) anticipates the probability that men's dress will undergo during the next few years some startling changes in styles, in colour, and in material, for it is not logical to imagine that an era, which in general progress is making the greatest strides in the history of the world, will be content to continue the negative fashions and comparatively drab and dreary colours which are the legacy of a century admittedly decadent in the art of dress.

A Central Position

Those who intend to visit London for the theatres, etc., will like to know of a reliable hotel, reasonable in tariff and central in situation. The Bonnington Hotel, in Southampton Row, opened in April, 1911, by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, has the advantage of being within a few minutes' reach of all principal theatres, and is replete with every comfort. It can take 260 visitors, has luxuriously furnished public rooms, a charming winter garden, and, what is very important, it has a very moderate tariff. Room, attendance and *table d'hôte* breakfast costs 5*s*. For thirty shillings one can have a stay of four days, this rate embracing room, attendance, bath, breakfast, afternoon tea, luncheon or dinner, and the weekly rate for the same amount of board and accommodation is £2 7*s*. 6*d*.

An Acknowledgement

The photograph of Miss Olive Sloane which appeared in our issue of December 25 was by the Adelphi Studios.

The British-Made Electric Lamp

Users of electric light are often appalled by the heaviness of the quarterly bills and the frequency of lamp renewals. Of course, "Jane" is responsible for some of the wastage—she *will* persist in leaving the lights full on in an empty room. No doubt Jane gets blamed also when the lamps give out. Well, it is not altogether her fault when bills are so heavy and lamps so fragile. The fault often lies in the lamps. Great improvements have been effected in the manufacture of electric lamps, and the "Z" Electric Lamp Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of Orient House, New Broad Street, London, are to be congratulated on producing a lamp which relieves the householder of a burdensome excess of expense. "Z" lamps are entirely of British manufacture, and it can be confidently predicted that those who use them will enjoy a better light than heretofore, and pay less for it. All electricians, ironmongers, and stores can supply "Z" Lamps. A price list (with name of nearest agent) will be sent to any of our readers applying for one to the address given.

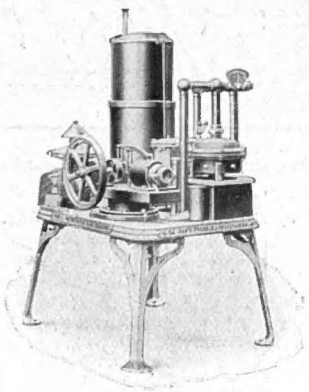
Lighting by Petrol Air-Gas

THE now obsolete and costly gas apparatus for lighting country houses of fifty years ago has been superseded by machines which produce gas from petrol, rendered possible only by the introduction of petrol in recent years.

These machines are models of engineering skill, giving wonderful results in regard to lighting houses, villages, etc., with great efficiency and economical cost.

One of the best systems is that known as the "Loco" Vapour-Gas Machine, invented and patented by Mr. Fred. C. Lynde, A.M.Inst.C.E., a well-known engineer who was brought up in the firm of Sir Joseph Whitworth and Co. This machine is made on scientific principles, and is the embodiment of simplicity and economy, and is manufactured by the "Loco" Vapour-Gas Light Company, of Manchester.

During the last five years over 600 of these machines have been installed in barracks, public institutions, workhouses, churches, and country houses, and the firm above named issue a very complete catalogue giving references to some of their most important installations.



The "Loco" Air-Gas Machine
Floor space occupied, 42 in. by 33 in.

This system of lighting is very much cheaper than electricity or coal-gas, and has the great advantage over both of being perfectly harmless and non-explosive. If all country houses were lighted with this particular system of "Loco" Gas the serious loss by fire, which has been noticeable since the introduction of lighting by electricity and coal-gas, would have been avoided.

The Chilian Government have had the experience of some years of this gas, as several barracks in that country have been lighted with "Loco" Gas installations, and there are many installations in the United Kingdom which have been in use for over four years, with the result that efficiency, reliability, and safety, together with economy, have been proved.

"Loco" Air-Gas is ordinary air mixed with the minimum amount of petrol vapour. The petrol is not put into the machine in bulk, but is kept in a sealed tank fixed outside the building, and is automatically fed into the machine drop by drop as required. To anyone purchasing a machine this precaution against accidents should be considered imperative.

The "Loco" Gas Machine is made upon the most approved engineering principles. The gas is conveyed in ordinary gas-pipes to burners in the same manner as coal-gas, and incandescent mantles are used. Existing gas-pipes are frequently found to be usable. The machine continues to make gas as long as there is any petrol in the carburettor.

References to installations which have been in use for several years, and which are still giving satisfaction, may be found in the catalogue issued by the "Loco" Vapour-Gas Light Company.

This gas is also used for cooking purposes in conjunction with grillers, boiling-rings, etc., complete installations of which are supplied by the Company.

The business of the "Loco" Vapour-Gas Light Company is conducted in a systematic manner, and the machines are made on engineering principles, all parts being interchangeable.

The head office of the "Loco" Vapour-Gas Light Company is at Old Exchange Chambers, St. Ann's Churchyard, King Street, Manchester.

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 28th day of January, 1913, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 5th day of February, 1913.

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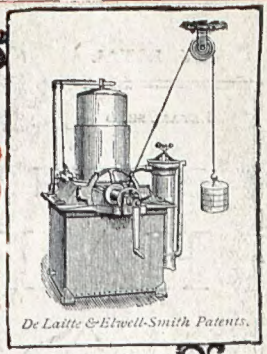

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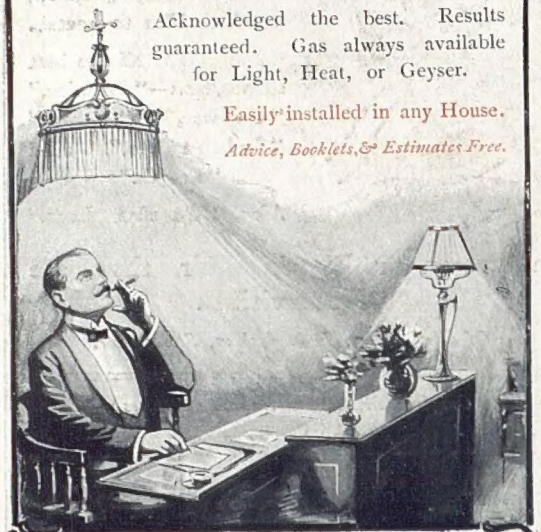

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